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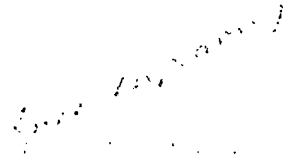

Drawn by Rich.d Westall, R.A. *Engraved by Tho.s Milton.*

THE

LYRE OF LOVE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

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1806.

1934

ALL CHANGETH.

"THE angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy, when comes dismay;
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs;
And love hath sweets, when gone are all the sours."
This said a Shepherd, closing in his arms
His Dear; who blush'd to feel love's new alarms!

Drummond of Hawthornden.

As the second volume of this series of our Amatory Poetry extends to LIVING CHARACTERS, perhaps two or three preliminary observations will not be considered superfluous.

Contemporary biography, however restricted as to its limits, is necessarily subject to many difficulties. Facts are not always attainable, and, when known, not hastily to be divulged. Often has it been found expedient to acquiesce in the decision of Dr. Johnson, who, when delineating the transactions of persons with whom he had been acquainted, thought it better to state nothing that he suspected to be false, than to affirm all that he believed to be true.

It is by this test that the Editor of the present Work feels no reluctance to be tried. He may have been misled; but he is not conscious of having misrepresented the statements with which he met, or the information with which he was favoured.

December, 1805.

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WILLIAM THOMPSON.

1740.

William Thompson, second son of the Reverend Francis Thompson, was probably born at Brough in Westmoreland, of which his father was vicar, about the year 1712. He was sent early to the University of Oxford, where he became a Fellow of Queen's College. Few anecdotes are recorded of his life; nor is the time of his death ascertained.

Two years before his entering into orders (1736), he appears to have been attracted by the charms of a lady named Woodford, but it is not certain that she was the same who is celebrated as IANTHE, in most of his subsequent poems. IANTHE, however, could not be unknown to him about the year 1740, since she is introduced in his description of an illness that terminated in the small-pox, from which he was at that time recovering.

The Day was Valentine's, when lovers' wounds
Afresh begin to bleed, and sighs to warm
The chilly rigour of relenting skies!
Sacred the day to innocence and mirth;
The festival of Youth! In seeming health,
As custom bids, I hail'd the year's fair morn,
And with its earliest purple braid my brows;
The violet or primrose breathing sweets,
New to the sense. IANTHE by my side,
More lovely than the season! rais'd her voice,
Observant of its rites, in festal lays,
And thus address'd the patron of the Spring:

" Hail Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Profuse of gems, the bosom of the earth
Her fragrant stores unfolds: the fields rejoice,
And in the infancy of plenty smile:
The vallies laugh and sing: the woods alive
Sprout into floating verdure, to embower
Those happy lovers who record thy praise.
Hail Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Inhaling genial raptures from the sun,
The plumy nations swell the song of joy,
Thy soaring choristers! The lark, the thrush,
And all the' aërial people, from the wren
And linnet to the eagle, feel the stings
Of amorous delight, and sing thy praise.
Hail Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Quick o'er the softening soul the gentle gales
Of Spring, awaking bliss, instinctive move
The ardent youth to breathe the sighs of faith
Into the virgin's heart; who, sick of love,
With equal fires and purity of truth
Consenting, blushes while she chaunts thy praise."

So sung IANTHE! to my heart I prest
Her spotless sweetness: when, (with wonder hear!)
Though she shone smiling by, the torpid powers
Of heaviness weigh'd down my beamless eyes,
And press'd them into night. The dews of death
Hung clammy on my forehead, like the damps
Of midnight sepulchres; which silent op'd,
By weeping widow or by friendship's hand,
Yawn hideous on the moon, and blast the stars
With pestilential reck. My head is torn
With pangs insuff'rable; pulsive starts
And pungent aches now grinding through the brain,
To madness hurrying the tormented sense,
And hate of being.—Poor IANTHE wept
In bitterness, and took me by the hand
Compassionately kind: 'Alas,' she cried,
'What sudden change is this?'—Again she wept!
'Say, can IANTHE prove the source of pain

To Thamalin? forbid it, gracious Heaven!'
'No, beauteous Innocence! as soon the rose
Shall poison with its balm; as soon the dove
Become a white dissembler; and the stream
With lulling murmurs, creeping through the grove,
Offend the shepherd's slumber'---- Scarce my tongue
These faltering accents stammer'd, down I sink,
And a lethargic stupor steeps my sense
In dull oblivion.

More than six years after this affecting event, IANTHE is still described as the associate of his walks, and the inspirer of his poetical feelings. Circumstances doubtless occurred inimical to the intercourse that had so long subsisted between these lovers; but in what those circumstances consisted, or at what period the anticipations of happiness were exchanged for the regrets of disappointment, is wholly uncertain. Bacchus, as we learn from the poet's lines "beneath a Vine, under the picture of Horace," though generally the auxiliary of Venus, was at length implored to counteract the influence to which he once contributed.—

"With social joys we raise the hour,
But banish Cupid from the bow'r:
Seven lustres past, ah! why should I,
And why should Horace pine and sigh?
No more he beckons Pyrrha to the grot,
His Lydia, my IANTHE, both forgot."

From the existing effusions of his amatory muse, it may be regretted that Thompson has not been solicitous to preserve the three books of love-elegies, entitled "Stella," which he published in 1736. His verse is polished and mellifluous, his sentiments are delicate and tender, his imagery is often beautifully luxuriant. His greatest defect is the want of originality.

THE LOVERS' NIGHT.

Lull'd in the arms of him she lov'd,
Ianthe sigh'd the kindest things:
Her fond surrender he approv'd
With smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

"How sweet are lovers' vows by night,
Lap'd in a honey-suckle grove!
When Venus sheds her gentle light,
And sooths the yielding soul to love.

Soft as the silent-footed dews
That steal upon the star-light hours;
Warm as a love-sick poet's muse;
And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

To hear our vows the moon grows pale,
And pants Endymion's warmth to prove;
While emulous, the Nightingale
Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

The silver-sounding shining spheres
That animate the glowing skies,
Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,
Nor bless so much, as thou, my eyes.

Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,
Thus sink in softness on thy breast!
No cares shall haunt us, danger part,
For ever loving, ever blest.

Censorious envy dares not blame
The passion which thy truth inspires:
Ye stars, bear witness that my flame
Is chaste as your eternal fires!"

Love saw them (hid among the boughs),
And heard him sing their mutual bliss!
'Enjoy,' cried he, 'IANTHE's vows;
But, oh! I envy thee her kiss.'

TO IANTHE, A HYMN TO MAY.

WHERE lives the man (if such a man there be)
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?
Let foul fiends harrow him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that carl by beauty's power unmov'd
Hated of Heaven, of none but hell approv'd;
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of spring!
Beauty and wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty to woman, wit to man is given;
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of Heaven.

Alliance sweet! let beauty wit approve,
As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast;
Wit beauty loves, and nothing else can love;
The best alone is grateful to the best:
Perfection has no other parallel!
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?
As soon, perdie, shall Heaven communion hold with hell.

Come then, IANTHE! milder than the Spring,
And grateful as the rosy month of May,
O come; the birds the hymn of Nature sing
Inchanting wild, from every bush and spray:
Swell the green-gems and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine;
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

Let us our steps direct where father Thames
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval streams,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah, why so long from Isis banks away?)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shepherds play.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surrey, in thy verdant vale,
At once the muses' and the graces' seat!
There gently listen to my faithful tale;
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove;
Or taste the odours of the mazy-grove:
Hark! how the turtles coo;—I languish, too, with love!

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
Can soothe my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear IANTHE! you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey;

The perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The eel, in silver labyrinth self roll'd;
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris' hues
And nature's pencil gay diversify'd,
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews);
Fair flushing, and bedeck'd like virgin bride?
Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair;
Collect and weave whate'er is sweet and fair,
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily, clad in balmy snow;
Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye:
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Though now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
O think, IANTHE, cruel time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Weep not; but rather, taught by this, improve
The present freshness of thy springing prime:
Bestow thy graces on the God of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
IANTHE! now, now love thy spring away;
Ere cold October blasts despoil the bloom of May!

JAMES THOMSON.

1727-40.

Among the illustrious men that Scotland has had the honour of producing, is the Poet of the Seasons, who was born at Ednam, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire, September the 11th, 1700. He studied at Edinburgh, where, perhaps, influenced by the example of his father, who had been minister of Ednam, in the presbytery of Kelso, his attention was directed to theological pursuits; but the ardour of his mind, discovered early in some poetical exercises, soon induced him to relinquish divinity for poetry; and, in the year 1725, Thomson arrived in London, a youthful adventurer, in search of protection and patronage. Here the friendship of Mallet, commenced at the university, enabled him to effect the publication of "Winter," the part that first appeared of his "Seasons." Notwithstanding the celebrity this production has since obtained, it struggled painfully into existence, and remained for some time unnoticed.

But the day of retribution was at hand. Thomson became at length known to those who were qualified to estimate and recompense his talents. A place was conferred on him by Chancellor Talbot, on his return from accompanying the son of that nobleman in his travels: afterwards introduced to Lyttelton, he obtained through him a pension of 100*l.* from Frederic Prince of Wales; and received, in addition to this favour, when his Lordship came into power, the appointment of Surveyor General to the Leeward Islands, by which, deducting the payment of a deputy in office, he acquired an income of 300*l.* per annum. His theatrical reputation induced the Prince to request the "Masque of Alfred," which was acted at Cliefden House, on the birth-day of the Princess Augusta, before his Royal Highness. Though this piece was the joint effort of Mallet and Thompson, to the latter is attributed the national Song of "Rule

Britannia." Thomson died at his house in Kew Lane, August 27, 1748. He has a plain monument in Westminster Abbey, the charge of which was defrayed by the profits arising from a splendid edition of his works, published by Millar. A tablet, with a memorial inscription, has also been placed in the wall of Richmond Church, to denote and preserve the site of his interment. It is to the present Earl of Buchan, in conjunction with Thomas Park, Esq. that the public are indebted for this useful and honourable attention to the memory of an admired bard!

No calumny seems at one period to have been circulated with more malicious industry, than the assertion that Thomson was insensible to the delicacies of love; to the blandishments of that delightful intercourse, which he has described with such beauty, force, and tenderness. His writings must be permitted to vindicate him from this unmerited obloquy; since his raptures, far from being fictitious, were inspired by the impulse of affection. For Miss Stanley, whose perfections are so fondly commemorated in his "Summer," and in the epitaph for her tomb, he may be concluded to have felt a regard something exceeding the limited formality of friendship: —to her appear to allude those affecting stanzas beginning, "Tell me, thou Soul of her I love?" If his AMANDA were Miss Young, of Richmond, he must have loved her with the constancy characteristic of virtuous attachment. She is introduced in the "Summer," published in 1727: in the "Spring," 1728, she is again adverted to, with increasing solicitude—

"AMANDA, come! pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast looks, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure that deeply pierce the soul;
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime

Fresh blooming flowers to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets."

The conclusion of this portion of the "Seasons," devoted entirely to love, and anticipations of domestic bliss, sufficiently evince the sincerity of the poet's feelings, and the purity of his views. His attentions to Miss Young are believed to have continued till 1740, if not longer. His personal effect, heavy and uninviting, presented nothing that immediately attracted the regard of women in general; and his notions respecting property seem to have prohibited him from hastily engaging in any union, to the demands of which he considered his resources inadequate.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied Shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

TO AMANDA.

Unless with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower!

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my Love there is no spring.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade;
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen,
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle Spirits of the Vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear:

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same!

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove!
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongue should blame;
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet bird! my helpless flame.

TO MISS YOUNG, WITH HIS "SEASONS."

Accept, lov'd nymph! this tribute due
To tender friendship, love, and you;
But with it take what breath'd the whole,
Oh, take to thine the poet's soul!
If fancy here her power displays,
And if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1743.

The account of Shenstone exhibits few circumstances on which biography is required to expatiate. By far the greater portion of his existence was passed amidst the scenes of his nativity, and occupied in their decoration. He was intimately known only to a small circle of friends, whose number did not augment with his years.

William, eldest son of Thomas Shenstone, Esq. whose father purchased the Leasowes that were to be immortalized by the grandson, was born in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire, on the 18th of November, in the year 1714. After a course of preparatory instruction under the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, master of the school at Solihull, near Birmingham, he was entered a Commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1732; but without finally attaching himself to any liberal profession; though such a measure had at first exercised his reflection, principally with the view of affording him the means by which to remedy the scantiness of his patrimonial income. It is to be lamented that Shenstone did not adhere to a design that might have been productive of most salutary effects. The distempers of his mind, as well as the derangements of his fortune, may be traced to this fatal neglect. He discovered his error, when conviction served only to aggravate dissatisfaction. Amendment once become impracticable, there remains no consolation for the calamities of misconduct.

Irresolution and inactivity seem equally to have regulated the poet in his conduct towards Miss Graves, sister of the Author of the "Spiritual Quixotte," &c.; to whom he became a suitor in 1735, and whose attractions he commemorated, under the name of DELIA, so late as the year 1749. Unless, however, the disappointment it displays be entirely fiction, the "Pastoral Ballad," instead of being designed for Miss Graves, evidently refers to

Miss C—, of whom Shenstone became enamoured while on a visit at Cheltenham, in the summer of 1743. This lady is not unlikely to have been the FLAVIA of his muse. Unsettled in his plans, unaffluent in his circumstances, uneven in his temper, and uninviting in his person, it can occasion no wonder that Shenstone could never come to a determination to marry:—if, indeed, he ever met with an eligible opportunity for forming such a decision. He has not, however, escaped the accusation of having imagined cruelty in his DELIA, at a time when he knew her disposed to accept his hand, as well as his addresses. Since such a proceeding must suppose dispositions which no sophistry could palliate, let it be believed that his complaint of rejection was deep and unfeigned; that he, who was generally esteemed for rectitude and tenderness of mind, would not wantonly injure the feelings of a woman he professed to love.

The following stanzas (Elegy 25), while they place his character in no unamiable point of view, nevertheless show that, like Hammond, the writer of them aspired only to trifle life away. There are minds to whom "the languor of inglorious days," far from feeling oppressive, is delightful; whose habitual indolence paralyses the few virtues by which they might become estimable to others, and satisfactory to themselves. Passive goodness is not the merit to which a wise man ought to aspire.

Faint is my bounded bliss: not I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of these lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share,
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair
As when their master smil'd to see them glow:

The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire:
Oh, let not gentle DELIA *smile so soon!*—

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.

O DELIA! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the Fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee!

Shenstone died at the Leasowes, February 11, 1765, and was buried under a plain flat stone, in the church-yard of Hales-Owen. His friend Graves afterwards erected an Urn to his Memory, graced with an Inscription, in the church of that place. Lyttelton, in commemoration of the poet, placed also an urn in the park at Hagley.

Both Shenstone and Hammond abound in senseless declamations against women, on account of the avariciousness repeatedly imputed to the sex; forgetful, it should seem, that some proportion of property is in every situation indispensable to human happiness. While nothing ought to be considered more detestable than a mercenary sacrifice of the finest affections of our nature, equally destructive of those affections is that total disregard of reflection and prudence so often inculcated by the mistaken votaries of pleasure!

THE star of Venus ushers in the day,
The first the loveliest of the train that shine!
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest free:
Has gentle DELIA trip'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays,
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see:
Has gentle DELIA bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

PERHAPS it is not love (said I)
That melts my soul, when FLAVIA's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eyes to find;
The hermit, freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

'It is not love;'—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear!
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love!

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is Love's subtle fire;
And under friendship lurks desire!

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:—
I have bade my dear Phillis farewell!

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine:
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain,
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown:
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so!—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart:
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion I owe;
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees;
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around:
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think, she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear:
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there!
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac, to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear;
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear:
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed!'
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that Pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more!

Can a bosom, so gentle, remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe:

With her mien, she enamours the brave;
  With her wit, she engages the free;
With her modesty, pleases the grave;
  She is every way pleasing to me.

O! you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays:
I could lay down my life for the swain
  That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping and listen the while!
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;
  But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favour with Phillis to find,
Oh, how with one trivial glance
  Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
  And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh, my Phillis, beware
  Of a magic there is in the sound!—

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
  'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
'How her face is as bright as the snow;
  And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
  With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
  Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
  And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
  He throws it at Phillis's feet.

'O Phillis,' he whispers, 'more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

'Then, the lily no longer is white;
Then, the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then, the violets die with despight;
And the woodbines give up their perfume!'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue:
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep!
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to forsee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone!
Ye that witness the woes I endure;
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware, how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for *me* to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes;
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me!

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

EDWARD MOORE.

1749.

This poet, who may justly be styled the Esop of the Fair, was born March 22, 1711, at Abingdon, in Berkshire. With no other literary acquisitions than were attainable by a common education, and interrupted by commercial pursuits, to which he was restricted in the early part of life, Moore, determining to commence author, in 1744, published "Fables for the Female Sex." The friendship of Garrick having encouraged him to turn his attention towards the stage, in 1753 he produced his second dramatic composition, "The Gamester." Garrick, who had assisted him in writing this tragedy, immediately established it by his acting. In 1753, Moore also projected the series of periodical papers entitled "The World;" an effort memorable in the history of the projector, as it procured him the correspondence of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield: who, when the father was no more, with unexampled and immemorial generosity, took the only son of the poet, Edward, under his protection; educating him till the age of sixteen, then soliciting for him a place under government, and bestowing on him a fortune of 500*l.* Embracing afterwards, however, the naval profession, young Moore died at sea, in 1773.

In 1749, Moore was married to Miss Jenny Hamilton, a young lady of singular beauty, and highly accomplished; Lyttelton, whose attention he had endeavoured to attract, officiating as father to the bride. Beyond this however, owing to causes now inscrutable, it does not appear that his friendship was extended. Mrs. M., who long survived her husband, was fortunate enough to obtain a place in the Palace, after his decease.

Edward Moore died at his house in South Lambeth, February 28, 1757, before he had completed his 46th year. Never settled in circumstances, he seems often to have struggled under the pressure of poverty.—

Hail power Omnipotent! me uninvok'd
Thou deign'st to visit; far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful presence. O retire!
At distance let me view thee: lest, too nigh,
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face!
Moore's Hymn to Poverty.

He was buried, March 5, in the new ground belonging to Lambeth Church, near High Street; without a stone to distinguish his dust! He is the architect of his own monument.

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing!
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs!
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flattering strain;
No idle praise my verse shall stain:
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart;
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day
That tears me from my hopes away:
Then frown not, Fairest! if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye;
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness or disdain;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills that want a name,
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept;
Till, grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend!

I saw you still.—Your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part:
Yet, while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd;
But, mildly, bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou lovely Maid! to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die;
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend!

Curs'd be all wealth, that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O fortune! I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive!
The last sad remedy remains;
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital flood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart;
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once, the Lover and the Friend!

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer "no, no."

At evening, oft times, with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
But say not 'tis love, for I answer "no, no."

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
"Again," I cry, "Jenny! sweet Jenny, again!"
I kiss her soft lips, as if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I answer "no, no."

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee;
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so;
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me "no, no?"

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own:
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer "no, no?"

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah! why
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties, O fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her; or still I say, "no!"

EDWARD LOVIBOND.

1754.

Of the life of Lovibond, passed in the tranquillity of the country, and diversified principally by the amusements of literature, it is recorded only, that he was born in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, in Middlesex, on his paternal estate; that he afterwards received his education at Kingston on Thames, under Mr. Wooddeson, a teacher whose worth is gratefully commemorated by his pupil; and that he died, August 25, 1775, at his house, near Hampton.

Equally unsatisfactory must be the detail of his attachments and friendships. By his "Cambrian Maid," however, the KITTY whose musical powers so often entranced his soul, his addresses do not appear to have been accepted. Nor was he more successful in subsequent attentions to LAURA, an Asiatic lady; who gave birth to several of his poetical compositions, and to whom the stanzas commencing, "What! bid me seek another Fair?" seem particularly to refer. This predilection, indeed, involved him in an amicable contest with Miss G. which was maintained for some time, in verse, with considerable gaiety and talents. Perhaps this lady's friendship approximated towards a tenderer sentiment. She certainly evinced herself deeply interested in the fate of Lovibond, while living; and, when he was no more, lamented him in strains highly expressive of her affection, and not unworthy of his memory.

TO KITTY.

AMID thy native mountains, Cambrian Fair!
Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling powers,
In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,

By thee, reviving; did the favor'd tree
Exist, and blossom, and mature by thee;
To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
With vegetable life, a nobler sense;
Would it not bless thy virtues? gentle Maid!
Would it not woo thy beauties to it's shade?
Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit;
Spread all it's leaves, a pillow to thy rest;
Give all it's flowers to languish on thy breast;
Reject the tendrils of the' uxorious vine,
And stretch it's longing arms—to circle thine?
Yes; in Creation's intellectual reign,
Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain
Dividing, blending, form the' harmonious whole:
That plant am I, distinguish'd by a soul.

WHAT! bid me seek another Fair,
In untried paths of female wiles?
And posies weave of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah, no!—my dying lips shall close,
Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
Nor, praising him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing!
My last address to Heaven is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

1756.

This eccentric satirist, the freedom of whose censure no consideration could restrain, who was admired, feared, and detested, was son of John Hanbury, Esq. a South-Sea Director. After having represented the county of Monmouth, for several years, he was installed a Knight of the Bath, in October 1744. In 1749, he was appointed envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin, at which he had officiated as minister during the three preceding years. Sir Charles afterwards represented the borough of Leominster in parliament, till his embassy to Russia, in 1754. Returning to England, in consequence of an ill state of health, he died on the 2d of November, 1759.

He possessed considerable abilities, both poetical and political. More is not justly to be affirmed in favour of him, who appears to have been the votary of dissipation; who delighted in gratifying his own feelings, at the expence of those of others; and who often wanted courage to encounter the resentment that his temerity had provoked.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure girl never gave!
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, my charmer, be kind;
For whilst I love *thee* above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
  Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
  Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
Go number the stars in the heaven,
  Count how many sands on the shore:
When so many kisses you've given,
  I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love, let me hold thee;
  To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine!
With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
  And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?—
  My life on thy lips shall be spent!
But the wretch that can number his kisses,
  With few will be ever content.

THOMAS PENROSE.

1763.

Thomas, son of the Rev. Mr. Penrose, who was descended from an ancient family in Cornwall, and officiated many years as rector of Newbury, in Berkshire, was born in 1743. Designed by his friends for the pulpit, he was entered at Christ Church, Oxford; whence, however, a passion for martial glory prompted him to escape, and embark in the expedition against South America, under Captain Macnamara, in August 1762. The verses to Miss Slocock, an accomplished and handsome young lady, residing at Newbury, were written by him on board the Ambuscade, January 6, 1763; a short time before the attack on Nova Colonia, in the river of Plate. Such a situation not merely supersedes the investigation of literary inaccuracies; it exhibits the affection and fortitude of the writer, in a very elevated point of admiration.

Returning to England, Penrose finished his studies at Hertford; and, having accepted the curacy of Newbury, in 1768 united himself in marriage with Miss S. Part of the hymeneal, presented to her on their wedding-day, is not unworthy of transcription.—

"O! be that season ne'er forgot
When hope itself could flatter not,
When doubts were all my soul's employ,
Nor dar'd I paint the present joy!
But yet, my Love! be mine the blame;
Thy goodness ever was the same.
What though by heedless heat misled,
To war, and foreign climes, I fled;
Forsook thy love, and peaceful ease;
And plough'd, long plough'd the southern seas;
Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
Thy kind dear love pursued me there
And, midst the battle's horrid strife,
Thy tender prayer preserv'd my life.

Some years afterwards, Penrose was advanced to a rectory worth 500 *l.* per annum: but preferment came too late. He died in 1779, in the 36th year of his age, at Bristol, whither he had repaired for the amendment of his health.

TO MISS S.

The fates ordain, we must obey!
This, this is doom'd to be the day,
The hour of war draws near;
The eager crew, with busy care,
Their instruments of death prepare,
And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breast with such an ardour warms
As Britons only know:
The flag of battle, waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conquests swell;
Let me to love this tribute pay,
For Mary frame the parting lay—
Perhaps, my last "farewell!"

For since full low among the dead—
Must many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er:
Perhaps ev'n I, with joyful eyes
That saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

My love, that ever burnt so true,
That but for thee no wishes knew,
My heart's fond, best desire!
Shall be remember'd ev'n in death;
And only with my latest breath,
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear Maid! my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heartfelt sigh!)
My past sad errors, O forgive!
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls!
Loud thundering from the towery walls,
Now roars the hostile gun;
Adieu, dear Maid!—with ready feet
I go, prepar'd the worst to meet:
Thy will, O God, be done!

JAMES GRAEME.

1766.

Of James Graeme, whose history has been detailed by Dr. Anderson, with the minuteness of affectionate solicitude, little can be repeated to interest the inquisitiveness of public attention.

He was born at Carnwath, Lanarkshire, December 15, 1749. Having imbibed the rudiments of education at his native place, he removed from thence to the Grammar School at Lanark; and, in 1767, being designed for the church, was sent to complete his studies at the university of Edinburgh.

Graeme's poetical enthusiasm was augmented by an acquaintance with Miss E— B——; the lady who, under the name of ELIZA (or Mira), formed the subject of his amatory addresses. Notwithstanding that, owing to prudential considerations, enforced by parental authority, she eventually rejected his suit, she appears for a time to have associated in his rambles, and to have felt far from indifferent to his pretensions. - - -

> "But, vain the thought!—I'll never see thee more;
> The gods decree it, and the gods are just;
> For ever doom'd thy absence to deplore,
> Till grief, slow-sapping, crumble me to dust."
>
> ELEGY 3.

She is repeatedly remembered of their former intimacy: the following stanza, from his twenty-seventh Elegy, is particularly beautiful.

> "Incurtain'd in the shades of night,
> I meditate thy charms;
> Think on thy form; and, *slumbering, feel*
> *The pressure of thy arms!*"

With that constitutional melancholy often predictive of the event, Graeme's unceasing apprehensions of his being

destined to an early grave, were but too seriously verified. In October 1771, the consumptive state of his health, which had long been deeply affected, compelled him to return to his native place; where he died, July 26, 1772, in the twenty-second year of his age!

" O, happy he! above his peers,
The favourite of Heaven;
To whom a certain place of rest,
An early grave, is given!

Nor falling tear, nor swelling sigh,
That mourn an absent Maid;
Tormenting fears, nor wishes vain,
Afflict *his* peaceful shade.

* * * * * *

O cruel, to refuse his boon!
How little did he crave!—
'Twas but the covering of a turf,
The' oblivion of a grave!"

ELEGIES 5 and 7.

FAREWELL, companions of my secret sighs,
Love-haunted streams, and vales besprent with dew!
Pensive I see the ridgy hills arise,
Which must for ever hide you from my view.

A fleeting shadow was my promis'd peace,
The baseless fabric of a dream, my rest;
I laid me down in confidence of ease,
And meedless sorrow burst my bleeding breast.

See, yonder fleets the visionary scheme,
The fond illusion of a simple mind—
The sweets of love,—the solitary stream,
The fragrant meadow, and the whispering wind.

Say, my ELIZA! was it fancied bliss
You used to picture, by yon falling rill?
O, say, where is it?—must it end in this?
O still deceive, and I'll believe you still!

Say fortune yet has happier days in store,
Days big with transport, and with raptures new;
O! say I'm your's; I ask, I hope no more;
But only say so, and I'll think it true.

But whither wanders my distemper'd brain,
On seas of fancy and vagary tost?
Before me lies a bleak extended plain,
And love and rapture are for ever lost!

Night, raven-wing'd, usurps her peaceful reign;
Sleep's lenient balsam stills the voice of woe;
A keener breeze breathes o'er the lowly plain,
And pebbly rills in deeper murmurs flow.

The paly moon through yonder dreary grove,
The screech-owl's haunt, emits a feeble ray;
The plumy warblers quit the song of love,
And dangle, slumb'ring, on the dewy spray.

The mastiff, conscious of the lover's tread,
With wakeful yell the listening Maid alarms,
Who, loosely rob'd, forsakes the downy bed,
And springs reserveless to his longing arms.

O, happy he! who, with the maid he loves,
Thus toys, endearing, on the twilight green,
While all is rapture, Cupid's self approves,
And Jove, consenting, veils the tender scene.

O, happy he! by gracious fate allow'd,
At dusky eve, to clasp the slender waist,
Press the soft lip, dissolve the silky shroud,
And feel the heavings of a love-sick breast.

Once mine the bliss:—But now, with plaintive care,
I, lonely wandering, tune the voice of woe!
And, patient, brave the chilly midnight air,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

1769.

The following little poem, by the author of "The Shipwreck," entitles him to a place in the present selection. Like Penrose, it seems to have been the fate of Falconer to recite, to the listening waves, the story of his love; to deplore his absence from the idol of his soul, without the certainty that he should ever be restored to her smiles, or her tears!

William Falconer, born about the year 1730, was a native of Scotland, and bred to the sea. His life, from childhood, a scene of hardship and peril, he had not attained his eighteenth year, when destined to encounter all the horrors of the Shipwreck he has described.—

> "Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
> In Neptune's school the wandering *Stripling* taught,
> *Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.*
>
> "So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
> It fell, at last, innoxious on his heart!
> His mind, still shunning care, with secret hate,
> In patient indolence resign'd to fate."

Undismayed by the recollection of the past, impelled by the hope of the future, in 1769 Falconer again committed himself to the fortune of the seas, embarking on board the Aurora, with the Indian Supervisors, to settle in the East. This ship is conjectured to have taken fire, and the crew to have perished in the conflagration. If MIRANDA cherished any remembrance of her poet, how frequently must *she* have

> "wept the terrors of the fearful wave;
> Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!"
>
> THE SHIPWRECK, *Canto* 1.

A NYMPH of every charm possess'd
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom, all-confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While, sadly social with my lay,
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say, why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth express,
Say, wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills;
Say, whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Should vital peace destroy?

If when my Fair in melting song
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey;

Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
  Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move:
  I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming Maid, the strain
  Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain,
  That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
  That knows no joys but thee:
Teach me thy happy art to please,
  Or deign to love like me!

JOHN LOGAN.

1770.

It is to be regretted that so little is known of the personal history of Logan, a poet of uncommon powers, the exquisite finish of whose amatory productions entitles him to particular consideration. Whosoever was the MARIA of his muse, he loved her with an energy of soul bordering on distraction. It is not possible to peruse the following stanzas, extracted from an ode to her, without being affected with emotions similar to those which must have agitated the mind of the poet!—

"Gods! shall a sordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine?
An angel bless unconscious arms?
The circle of surrender'd charms
Unhallow'd hands entwine?—

The absent day—the broken dream—
The vision wild—the sudden scream—
Tears, that unbidden flow!—
Ah! let no sense of griefs profound,
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe!

* * * * * * *

Howe'er the wind of fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing Fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature past,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel-flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, through life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The lov'd MARIA of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole!"

John Logan was born about the year 1748, of respectable parents, at Toutra, in Mid Lothian. His education, begun in the country, was perfected at the university of Edinburgh. He distinguished himself as an historian, a poet, a critic, and a divine. Towards the close of his career, however, he became partially afflicted with insanity. He died in London, whither he had repaired in search of literary speculation, December 28, 1788.

MARIA, come! Now let us rove;
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-sprung flower;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood;
We'll trace the windings of the flood:
O come thou, fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives it's bosom to the gale,
And opens in the sun!
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love
Their time of bliss begun!

Now, now thy Spring of life appears;
Fair in the morning of thy years,

And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies;
Elysium blooms around!

Now is the morning of thy day:
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis Nature's voice—'O! pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while it's opening leaves disclose
The incense of the Spring!'

What youth, high-favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That Nature has in store?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine?
Whose arms thy yielding waste entwine?
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Require of Heaven no more?

Not happier the primeval Pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smil'd in her virgin Spring:
When all was fair to God's own eye;
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring!

TO SLEEP.

In vain I court, till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless from side to side I turn;
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though banish'd from these eyes,
In visions fair to DELIA rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night, as infant's rest
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast;
Who, sweetly-playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near;
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

THOMAS PERCY.

1764.

Doctor in Divinity, and Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This venerable prelate appeared first as the author of "Hou Kiou, a Chinese Romance," in 4 vols. in the year 1761. In 1765 his lordship published the "Reliques of Antient English Poetry," in 3 vols.; and a ballad entitled the "Hermit of Warkworth," in 1771. Although a faithful and diligent pastor of the flock over which he has so long presided, the Bishop of Dromore does not appear to have contested for the palm of theological distinction. His lordship has a family.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O! can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! can'st thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care;
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

1768.

Second son of Henry Fox, created Baron Holland in 1763, the Hon. Charles James Fox was born on the 13th of January 1749. His public education commenced at Westminster, was continued at Eton, and completed at Oxford. At the age of eighteen he visited the Continent: and in March 1768, when nineteen years old, he became a member of parliament, for Midhurst in Sussex! Early in 1772 he received from Lord North a seat at the Admiralty Board, and was afterwards appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. After his dismission from office in 1774, Mr. Fox is reported to have dissipated a property of 4000*l.* a year, the greater portion of which had devolved to him by the death of his father, Lord Holland. Commencing oppositionist, he was returned one of the representatives for Westminster, at the election of 1780. Under the transitory administration of Marquis Rockingham, Mr. Fox sustained the office of one of the Principal Secretaries of State. On his coalition with North, by whom he had been divested of power directly after Rockingham's decease, he again obtained an efficient share in the government; a situation, however, from which he found himself compelled to retreat on the failure of his India Bill, in 1783. His conduct throughout the late war induced his Majesty to erase the name of Fox, distinguished as it was, from the ordinary list of privy-counsellors. Mr. Fox still continues the antagonist of Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding reported overtures from that Minister towards effecting a cordial co-operation among the dissentient parties.

Mrs. Crewe, to whom Mr. Fox addressed the following lines, is frequently celebrated by the beaux of the latter age. In an Ode to Lady Isabella Stanhope, by the Hon. Temple Luttrell, it is considered a sufficient compliment

to Lady Stanhope, when assured that, while "paragon'd by few," she had

"A countenance as sweet as either Forbes, or CREWE!"

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love:
Then tell me, mysterious Enchanter, oh, tell!
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more?
Is it reason?—No; that my whole life will belie,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Ambition, that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
O, no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.
That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife:-

But, though vers'd in extremes both of pleasure and pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them again.
If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms;
For though brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms:
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, though their splendor we praise,
So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can enflame!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

1772.

Mr. Sheridan is descended from a family of considerable respectability. His grandfather, a learned divine, was the friend and biographer of Swift: with the literary merits of his father, the public are sufficiently acquainted; and to maternal assiduity he has to attribute, like many other eminent men, his earliest course of instruction.

He was born in Dorset Street, Dublin, in October 1751. From the tuition of Mr. Whyte, of that city, he was removed to Harrow, in 1763. Without the intervening advantages of a university, he afterwards entered at the Middle Temple; supplying by the honourable exertion of his pen, the necessities which his situation imposed. Visiting Bath, shortly after, he became acquainted with Miss Linley, a daughter of the Musical Composer of that name, highly celebrated for her vocal powers, the accomplishments of her mind, and the beauty of her person. He was married to this lady in 1773. Accumulating demands require augmenting resources. Thus circumstanced, and having directed his attention to the advantages consequent on the acquisition of dramatic fame, Mr. Sheridan, in 1775, produced the comedy of the "Rivals;" during the same year, appeared his "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant." In 1776 he not only produced the celebrated opera of the "Duenna," but was assisted to purchase, in conjunction with Mr. Linley, his father-in-law, and Dr. Ford, a considerable property in Drury-Lane Theatre, on Garrick's relinquishment of the concern. The "School for Scandal," and "Trip to Scarborough," appeared in 1777; "The Camp," in 1778. "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," in 1787; and the adopted play of "Pizarro," close the present list of his theatrical pieces. Under the auspices of Mr. Fox, in 1780 Mr. Sheridan

commenced his parliamentary career, as member for Stafford. He has been twice in office. During the Rockingham reign, he acted as Secretary to his friend Fox; and he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury in 1783, under the Duke of Portland. His pen, which has frequently assailed the antagonists of the Opposition, is reported to have been engaged in "The Englishman," and "The Jesuit," as well as in various periodical journals.

Mrs. Sheridan died in June 1792. There seems no doubt of her having been almost romantically loved by her husband; whose life was twice imminently risked in defending her reputation, and whose amatory verses, inspired by her, breathe the warmth and delicacy of early passion. It has been stated, that he was greatly indebted to the charm of her voice for the attachment since subsisting between himself and Mr. Fox, in whose company, on her retreat from the stage, she was accustomed to sing the Songs afterwards made public in the "Duenna," with ineffable and irresistible magic. From this time, it is understood, that great man became deeply interested in the fate of Mr. Sheridan, to whose table he was continually allured by the fascination of melody and wit. She left a son, Thomas.

Three years after the decease of his first wife, Mr. Sheridan became the husband of Miss Ogle, *youngest* daughter of the present Dean of Winchester, by whom he has a second son. He addressed some animated lines to this lady, on the loss of a near relation, who was slain in an action during the late revolutionary war. Though far from amatorial, they evinced the tenderest solicitude for those to whom she was attached. If this be not a direct tribute of affection, it certainly is an implied one.

MARK'D you her cheek of roseate hue?
Mark'd you her eye of radiant blue?—
That eye, in liquid circles moving!
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving!
The one Love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

YE swains whom radiant beauty moves,
Or music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves
When two such gifts together join.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found,
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
And trembling notes are taught to wound.

Enquire not out the matchless Fair
Who can this double death bestow;
If her enchanting voice you hear,
Or view her eyes, too soon you'll know!

DRIED be that tear, my gentlest Love!
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Not Season's day, nor Fate shall prove
More fix'd, more true than I!
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear;
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear.

Dost ask how long my vows shall stay,
When all that's new is past?
How long? my DELIA! can I say
How long my life will last?
Dried be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death;
That he, who only breathes for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven while here!

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

1774.

This gentleman, M. A. and F. R. S. of Edinburgh, and Professor of Humanity in the university of Glasgow, distinguished himself as an Essayist on Shakspeare, so early as 1775. His Poems were published in 1774, and, after passing through successive editions, have lately, together with his plays, been collected into two handsome volumes. As a poet, Mr. Richardson is to be admired for the unaffectedness of his sentiments, the correctness of his imagery, the smoothness of his versification, and the purity and elegance of his language.

THE INVITATION.

Fair Lady, leave parade and show,
O leave thy courtly guise a while:
For thee the vernal breezes blow,
And groves, and flowery valleys smile:

For no conceited selfish pride
Corrupts thy taste for rural joy:
Nor can thy gentle heart abide
The taunting lip, or scornful eye.

Nor scorn, nor envy harbour here,
Nor discord, nor profane desires:
No flattery shall offend thine ear,
For love our faithful song inspires.

When smiling morn ariseth gay,
Gilding the dew-drops on the lawn,
Our flocks on flowery uplands stray,
Our songs salute the rosy dawn.

When noon-tide scorcheth all the hills,
And all the flowers and herbage fade,
We seek the cool refreshing rills
That warble through the green-wood glade.

But when the lucid star of eve
Shines in the western sky serene,
The swains and shepherdesses weave
Fantastic measures on the green.

O Lady! change thy splendid state,
With us a shepherdess abide;
Contentment dwells not with the great,
But flies from avarice and pride.

The groves invite thee; and our vale,
Where every fragrant bud that blows,
And every stream, and every gale
Will yield thee pastime and repose.

JOHN MOORE.

1778.

Poetry sustained a loss, in a gentleman of such distinguished and promising talents. Sir John Moore died Jan. 16, 1780, aged 24 years. His private virtues had endeared him to all his acquaintance.

Cease to blame my melancholy,
Though, with sighs and folded arms,
I muse in silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delight I find in grief,
That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

TO ——.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long!

JOSEPH HOLDEN POTT.

1779.

This author, son of Percival Pott, a name celebrated in the annals of surgery, was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, which he had not quitted in the year 1780. He was afterwards promoted to the Prebendary of Lincoln, and became Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

ODE TO THE WIND.

SWEET silent Breeze of Noon! to thee
The proudest bosom still is free:
With softest murmur greet the Maid
To whose cold heart my vows are paid.
Full oft to thee, sweet soothing guest!
She loosens all her snowy breast:
And, oh! no gently-swelling sail
That opens to thy passing gale,
E'er heav'd so lovely to the sight,
As heaves that breast of soft delight;
Than winter's snow more white.

Each charm, which you alone may see,
Returning, tell to none but me.
Search all that courts, or shuns the eye,
And mingle with her parting sigh;
Thy breath, thence fraught with balmy power,
On every weed shall leave a flower;
Yet none like that fair rose shall be,
Which dyes her cheek when kiss'd by thee!
The morning's blush, or evening's glow,
The blooming spring, or watry bow,
No tints so fair can show.

No sun shall drink its silken bloom,
No wintry blasts its dyes consume;
Grief ne'er shall raise her banners pale,
Where now those tints of health prevail;
But youth shall feed the glowing dyes,
Unstain'd by sorrow's withering sighs:
For ah, too well, alas! I know
She ne'er can feel a lover's woe!
For had she known the secret pain,
She ne'er would wound, with such disdain,
A heart that pines in vain.

Ah plead, sweet Breeze! a lover's part;
And pour thy mildness o'er her heart.
Ah! say, though Time goes softly past,
He marks his footsteps plain at last;
And leaves them in the fairest face,
In waning Beauty's vacant place:
Her cruel scorn at least reprove,
Scorn is a hard reward for love.
Ah! bid her not her power abuse;
Ah! bid her not that heart refuse,
Which she may grieve to lose!

GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND.

1780.

This gentleman is an A. M. and holds considerable preferment in the Cathedral of York. It is but recently that he became a widower. He is reported to have since travelled from England, probably to divert his reflection from dwelling too painfully on the loss of his amiable consort. His verses were with peculiar propriety entitled "Social and Domestic," as they principally delineate those views and feelings, which, in the familiar language of our fathers, come home to men's business and bosoms!

SONNET.

'Tis not in Hymen's gay propitious hour,
With summer beams and genial breezes blest,
That man a Consort's worth approveth best:
'Tis when the skies with gloomy tempests lour,
When cares and sorrows all their torrents pour,
She clasps him closer to her hallow'd breast,
Pillows his head, and lays his heart to rest;
Drying her cheek from sympathetic show'r.
Thus when along Calabria's sulph'rous coast,
Whilst lurid clouds hang low, and heaves the sea,
In dumb suspense, as one in horror lost,
Nature awaits some fell catastrophe;
The flight of selfish fowl no partner shares,
But faithful turtles refuge seek in pairs.

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB OF LAURA, AND HER INFANT SON.

Go saint belov'd! enjoy celestial rest!
  Go in the strength of all-redeeming grace!
Rejoin thy cherub babes in mansions blest!
  And see thy great Creator face to face!

For sure of social and domestic love
  A brighter model ne'er this earth hath trod!
A purer angel of the realms above
  Ne'er bore an infant spirit to his God.

ANNE HUNTER.

1780—1802.

Relict of that eminent anatomist, Dr. John Hunter. Most of Mrs. Hunter's poetical effusions were composed some years ago, though but recently collected into a volume, and were deservedly the admiration of her extensive and intelligent circle of friends. This lady is entitled to very high rank among the fair cultivators of literature. Her poems discover a strength of judgment, a delicacy and simplicity of feeling, and a classical sweetness of style, not only seldom to be found in the productions of the female pen, but rarely rivalled by the established male writers of the present age. For the melancholy observable in her writings, it would be presumption to endeavour to account: her sorrows, however, *appear* to have sprung from a source more affecting than imagination.

THE fatal moment I beheld
Those eyes so fondly fix'd on me,
Some magic sure my heart compell'd
To place its dearest hopes on thee!
And my true faith can alter never,
Though thou art gone perhaps for ever.

Nor dangers past, nor woes to come,
Thy image from my soul can part;
Through years of anguish, to the tomb
'Twill follow this devoted heart:
And my true faith can alter never,
Though thou art gone perhaps for ever.

FAR, far from me my love is fled,
In a light skiff he tempts the sea,
The young Desires his sails have spread,
And Hope his pilot deigns to be:

The promis'd land of varied joys,
Which so delights his fickle mind,
In waking dreams his days employs,
While I, poor I, sing to the wind.

But young Desires grow old and die,
And Hope no more the helm may steer;
Beneath a dark and stormy sky
Shall fall the late repentant tear.

While I, within my peaceful grot,
May hear the distant tempest roar,
Contented with my humble lot,
In safety on the friendly shore.

WHILE I behold the moon's pale beam,
Her light perhaps reflects on thee,
As wandering near the silver stream,
Thy sad remembrance turns to me.

Ah, to forget! the wish were vain!
Our souls were form'd thus fond to be;
No more I'll murmur and complain,
For thou, my Love, wilt think on me.

Silent and sad, I take my way,
As fortune deigns my bark to steer;
Of hope a faint and distant ray
Our far-divided days shall cheer.

Ah! to return, to meet again!
  Dear blissful thought! with love and thee!
No more I murmur and complain,
  For thou, my Love, wilt think on me.

O TUNEFUL Voice! I still deplore
Those accents which, though heard no more,
    Still vibrate on my heart;
In Echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad 'Farewell!'
    When we were doom'd to part.

Bright Eyes! ô that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
    And round your orbits play;
To watch them with a Vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
    That it might ne'er decay.

THE season comes when first we met,
  But *you* return no more!
Why cannot I the days forget,
  Which time can ne'er restore?
O! days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
  In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
  And all the past replace:
But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading vision close!

When hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the shower,
This anxious aching bosom finds
No comfort in it's power.

For ah, my love! it little knows
What thy hard fate may be;
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward Fate hath twin'd the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the chequer'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be thy doom,
The lot is cast for me;
Or in the world, or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee!

WILLIAM PRESTON.

1781.

William Preston, Esq. is the descendant of a family of great respectability in Ireland, where he mostly resides. He is a gentleman highly esteemed for the integrity of his principles, his social and general worth, the candour of his disposition, and the qualifications and attainments of his mind. His name has long been familiar to the admirers of genuine poetry. Some bold and interesting Strictures on the German Drama, which merit a more extensive circulation, were handed about, a few months since, as the production of Mr. Preston.

SONNET.

PALE virgin moon, and ever-burning choir,
Ye lamps, that clip the throne of night around!
Oft, on my cheek, the sorrows have ye found,
That burst, in torrents, from the fierce Desire,
And flow, but vainly flow, to quench its fire:
Oft, have ye heard my bitter sighs around,
Oft, seen despair my bleeding heart-strings wound,
And double strength from every wound acquire.
Oh! speak, for ye have seen what inmates dwell
In the soft mansion of my CLARA's breast;
Does calm untroubled peace inhabit there?
Or, does her pity share the pangs I bear,
And sympathetic sighs her bosom swell?
I wish—I fear—my sorrows break her rest!

SONNET.

SINCE, CLARA, thou by Death's untimely hand
Wert snatch'd from Earth, neglected have I rov'd;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy, nor comfort prov'd.
A single stranger here below I stand,
Idle spectator of the busy band,
By follies acted or by passions mov'd;
A naked wretch unloving and unlov'd;
And sighs and fruitless tears the hours demand.
Nor source of act, nor ruling aim remains;
For whom shall now my happiness rejoice?
Or who shall gently sorrow for my woes?
One hope alone the tortur'd heart sustains,
The grave to call me lifts it's awful voice—
"Oh come, thou mourner, and with me repose."

THOMAS RUSSELL.

1782.

The Rev. Thomas Russell, born at Bridport in Dorsetshire, about the year 1762, was the son of an eminent attorney of that place. Having imbibed the rudiments of education at a Grammar-school in his native county, he was removed to Winchester, under the mastership of the late Doctor Warton, to whom his poems were afterwards inscribed. In 1780, he was elected Fellow of New College, Oxford. While rising rapidly into distinction, for the extent and solidity of his literary acquisitions, he found himself at once interrupted by an illness, that terminated in a consumption of the lungs. He died at Bristol, whither he had resorted for the renovation of his health, July 31, 1788, in his twenty-sixth year. That he had often feelingly anticipated his melancholy fate, is evinced in the following Sonnet—

Once more return'd to curl the dimpling lake,
Auspicious Zephyr waves his downy wing;
Rous'd at his touch, the slumbering flowers awake
With all the smiling family of Spring:
Again is heard the turtle's amorous tale,
Again the swallow twitters o'er her nest,
Again wild music melts in every vale,
And love, rekindling, glows in every breast:
Thus they return.—But, ah! to me no more
Return the pleasures of the vernal plain,
In vain for me resounds the vocal shore,
And woods renew their verdant robes in vain;
Nor counsel sweet of Friends can ease my care,
Nor even the sweeter converse of the Fair!

His resignation of DELIA excites the strongest emotions of sympathy, when the circumstances of the lover are considered. A young and amiable man, fondly devoted to her charms, yet secretly impressed with the painful con-

viction, that he was shortly to be snatched for ever from her embraces; that, though her idea was inseparable from his mind, and the possession of her the dearest wish of his heart, he was, in the midst of life and hope, on the verge of that world—where "there is neither married nor given in marriage!"

'Tis not a cheek that boasts the ruby's glow,
The neck of ivory, or the breast of snow;
'Tis not a dimple known so oft to charm,
The hand's soft polish, or the tapering arm;
'Tis not the braided lock of golden hue,
Nor reddening lip that swells with vernal dew;
'Tis not a smile that blooms with young desire;
'Tis not an eye that sheds celestial fire;
No, DELIA! these are not the spells that move
My heart to fold thee in eternal love:
But 'tis that Soul, which from so fair a frame
Looks forth, and tells us—'twas from Heaven it came!

THE FAREWELL.

ADIEU, thou darling of my Heart,
Whom never more these eyes shall see!
Yet, once again, before we part—
Nymph of my Soul!—again adieu!

Yet one kiss more? this kiss, the last
That I will ask or thou shalt give,
Though on my lips it dies too fast,
Shall always in my memory live.

But thou each tender thought of me
Blot out for ever from thy breast;
Nor heed what pangs *I* feel for thee,
While with another *thou* art blest!

To *him*, whom Heaven has made thy Mate,
Thus, thus thy beauties I resign:
He boasts, alas! a happier fate,
But not a purer flame than mine.

Yet let him make thy bliss his care,
As I (thou know'st it!) would have done;
My love for thy sake he shall share,
My envy only for his own.

FRENCH LAURENCE.

1784.

Member of Parliament for Peterborough; Doctor in the Civil Law, and, as such, a respectable civilian; a distinguished statesman, a profound political writer, a powerful satirist, and an elegant poet. Notwithstanding his professed admiration for the Fair, Dr. Laurence continues to prefer the solitary dignity of celibacy.

ODE TO FANCY.

O Thou! whose empire unconfin'd
Rules all the busy realms of Mind!
The slow-eyed Cares thy mild dominion
Confess, if thou thy rod extend,
No more the sharp-fang'd sorrows rend,
But hovering round on frolic pinion
The laughing train of Joys descend.

To soothe the woes of absent love,
Come Fancy! now, what time above
The full-orb'd moon, that rose all-glowing,
Begins her lifted lamp to pale;
What time to charm the listening vale,
In liquid warbles fondly-flowing,
Laments the' enamoured Nightingale.

In softly-pleasing light the Queen
Of Heaven arrays the blue serene;
Yet lovelier beams the gentle glory
In Anna's azure eyes display'd:
Sweet is the poet of the shade;
Yet sweeter than his warbled story
Each sound from Anna's lip convey'd.

Nor haply shall I ever find
That tongue to me alone unkind,
  On every grief but mine so ready
To bid the balm of comfort flow;
Nor shall that eye which every woe
  But mine can melt, thus ever steady
To me alone no pity show.

Like mine, her bosom now may feel
The tender melancholy steal,
  Though maiden modesty dissemble;
And now, while Memory brings again
The Muse which first reveal'd my pain,
  The' involuntary tear may tremble,
And own the triumph of the strain.

So whispers Hope: by Fancy led
She comes. With rosy wreaths her head,
  With rosy wreaths her sacred anchor
Love intertwines—in vain employ;
For lo! behind the' exulting boy,
  With stifled smiles of patient rancour
Creeps Mockery, watchful to destroy.

Ah! still, though whisper'd to deceive,
Let me thy flatteries, Hope, believe,
  Content from grief one hour to borrow!
Ah! still, if o'er my distant way,
As through the path of life I stray,
  Hang gathering clouds of future sorrow,
O Fancy! gild them with thy ray.

RICHARD POLWHELE.

1784.

Neither antiquity or loyalty are wanting to dignify the genealogy of Mr. Polwhele, son of Thomas Polwhele, Esq. of Polwhele in Cornwall, where he was born in the year 1760. Before the expiration of the time during which he was placed at the Grammar School of Truro, about two miles from his patrimonial dwelling, he gave satisfactory specimens of his poetical talent. Although Mr. Polwhele quitted the university of Christ Church without taking a degree, he entered into Orders in 1782, and served the living of Lamorran. Here he married Miss Loveday Warren, the Laura celebrated in his poems. Soon after this union, he became curate of Kenton, Devonshire, where he remained till the death of his wife; who died early in 1793, in the twenty-eighth year of her age, and was buried at Kenton. This event afflicted him so far as to compel him to quit a scene now insupportable to his feelings; and he removed to Truro. In 1795, however, having obtained the vicarage of Manaccan, in Cornwall, by voluntary presentation, from the late Bishop Buller, Mr. Polwhele engaged a second time in marriage. The subject of his election, on this occasion, was Mary daughter of Capt. R. Tyrell, of Exmouth. Mr. Polwhele's publications are multifarious and diversified; embracing subjects theological, poetical, topographical, and archæological.

He was doubtless passionately attached to LAURA, who, besides the remembrance of her merits, which seem to have been highly appreciated by those to whose observation they were revealed, left him the father of children. Her tomb was therefore consecrated by the tears of affectionate regret. Dr. Downman of Exeter, the friend of her husband, and witness of her life, has, in the following lines, very impressively commemorated her worth.

Could magic verse recall the fleeted breath,
The Lyre, sweet warbling, charm the ear of Death,
Thy Husband, tuning his Orphean strain,
Might lure thee to the bower of Love again.
But thou, chaste Soul! for highest bliss design'd,
He knows, art present with the' Eternal Mind!
Hence, doom'd to silence, sleeps his harp unstrung,
Control'd each thought sublime, and mute his tongue.
Why join the sainted Spirit to it's clod?—
Why sever the pure Essence from it's God?

See, Laura, how cold are the tints
Of that snow-drop, afraid of the gale;
Though its delicate feebleness hints,
That spring shall soon colour the vale.
Thus sweetly, when Hymen appear'd,
Thy bashfulness sought to retire,
Yet, what it so tremblingly fear'd,
It could not but fondly desire:
And thus, though the lustre was cold
Which slept in thy languishing eye;
Thy virgin timidity told,
That the spring-time of pleasure was nigh!

TO LAURA, THEN MRS. POLWHELE.

For thee, whose love I value more than life,
Whose charms the balm of heartfelt bliss inspire—
For thee, I reassume my humble Lyre;
Here in this shade, far distant from the strife
Of scenes where Fashion's pamper'd votaries, rife
In Dissipation's revel, quench thy fire
O Muse! and blast the hallow'd name of Wife,
Mid the dark Orgies of impure Desire:—

For thee, though ne'er my unambitious Strain
May soothe the' unfeeling World, I yet awhile
Tune the rude Shell! and haply, not in vain
If (sweet reward of every anxious toil!)
My simple Song have still the power to gain
From LAURA but a fond approving smile.

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO POLWHELE, NEAR TRURO, WITH MY CHILDREN, A SHORT TIME AFTER HER DEATH; 1793.

AH! when so late I press'd this mossy sward,
In strains of Hope I breath'd the melting lay!
For still the flatterer, Hope, vouchsaf'd a ray.—
'If but a few short years kind Heaven award,
Here, here my Offspring may I duteous guard,
And guide them in the dark and doubtful way;
As LAURA's heartfelt smile shall bid me brave
Each threatening ill, and every woe repay;
Then, as these arching Shades around me wave,
May I sink down, in quiet, to the grave!'—
Such was my Strain. But, ah! my Children, say
Where, where is fled, where vanish'd LAURA's smile?
Alas! devoid of sorrow, as of guile,
Ye little heed my tears, along the greensod gay.

JOHN WOLCOTT.

1785.

Extensively known by the literary appellation of PETER PINDAR, Doctor Wolcott is allied to a family long reputably esteemed in Devonshire, where he was born, at Dodbrook near Kingsbridge. After a course of general education, followed up by the medical instructions of his uncle, a surgeon at Fowey, who designed him his successor, Wolcott, in 1769, took the resolution of accompanying Sir William Trelawney to Jamaica. Disappointed in views he here conceived, of assuming clerical orders, he returned to England, in company with lady Trelawney, and, at Truro, resumed the profession to which he had been bred. On the public life of Dr. Wolcott, which opened shortly after this period, with his Epistle to the Reviewers, it were superfluous to enlarge: however discordantly appreciated, it is sufficiently understood. He is said latterly to have resumed the studies and pursuits that engaged his earlier years.

The satirical fame of Dr. Wolcott has proved detrimental to the due estimation of powers of a very different description, which he possesses in an eminent degree. His songs will be admired, when the corruscations of wit have ceased to irradiate his memory.

TO A KISS.

SOFT child of Love—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss!
Why thou so suddenly art gone,
Lost in the moment thou art won?
Yet, go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On DELIA'S lip, with raptur'd eye,
On Delia's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as thee!

THOU! whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
My day declines in dark despair,
And night hath lost her sweet repose.

Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
To others ere thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
That CYNTHIA smil'd on me alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies,
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! their's is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to me!
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with Innocence and Thee.

DOOM'D by Fortune's fickle star,
Dear Maid! I seek the dangerous wave;
Condemn'd from thee to wander far,
To Love and DELIA's charms a slave.

Yet, ere thy balmy lips I leave,
And quit that bosom's snowy white,
Oh! Nymph, my tears my sighs receive;
And grant me thine, my last delight!

On each bright tear shall Fancy dwell,
And Memory each sigh restore:
Thus doat upon the sweet farewell,
Like misers on their golden store.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

1785.

Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. allied to the noble families of Chandos and Bridgewater, was born in November 1762. He entered himself of the Middle Temple in 1782; and entirely quitted Queen's College, Cambridge, at which he had been educated, early in the following year. In 1787 he was called to the bar. Favoured, however, with an independent fortune, and possessing a mind ill-constituted to endure the dull technicalities of legal plodding, Poetry withdrew his footsteps from the uncongenial paths of Jurisprudence, and 'toilsome Law' gave to the Muse a fitter votary. He retired into Kent, where he purchased the manor and seat of Denton, adjoining the place of his nativity, on which he continues to reside. His Poems appeared in 1785, and "Mary de Clifford" in 1792: of these publications there have been two editions. In 1798 he gave to the world his novel of "Arthur Fitz-Albini;" in 1800, an improved edition of Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum;" two years afterwards, the novel of "Le Forester;" and, in 1804, "Memoirs of the Peers of England:" he also engaged in editing the "Topographer." He is now the conductor of an interesting literary mélange, published periodically, entitled "Censura Literaria."

Mr. Brydges has been twice married. His first wife was the niece of Thomas Barrett, Esq. of Lee, near Canterbury, by whom he had a son, who promises to inherit the beautiful seat of Lee. In 1797 he married Miss Mary Robinson, niece of the late Lord Rokeby. Since the exquisite story of "Mary de Clifford" was written five years after his first marriage, and previously to the decease of his wife, conjecture in vain demands, who was the heroine of that work? *Woodville*, undoubtedly, is Brydges; but, who was his *Mary*? The enquiry cannot be uninteresting to those who have contemplated

the uncommon character of the author, and are acquainted with the volume now alluded to; a production of unprecedented worth, written in the high spirit of ancestorial dignity, and with an enthusiasm scarcely mortal. Happy is the man, be it only in fiction, who, uncontaminated by the views of venal and spiritless times, can invest himself with the glory of a better age; who, standing continually in the presence of departed greatness, feels himself called upon not to diminish, if he cannot augment, the moral inheritance of his progenitors!

TO MARY.

WHERE art thou, MARY, pure as fair,
And fragrant as the balmy air,
That, passing, steals upon its wing
The varied perfumes of the Spring?
With tender bosom, white as snow;
With auburn locks, that freely flow
Upon thy marble neck; with cheeks,
On which the blush of morning breaks;
Eyes, in whose pure and heavenly beams
The radiance of enchantment seems;
A voice, whose melting tones would still
The madness of Revenge from ill;
A form of such a graceful mould,
We scarce an earthly shape behold;
A mind of so divine a fire,
As angels only could inspire?—
Where art thou, Mary? for the sod
Is hallow'd, where thy feet have trod;
And every leaf that's touch'd by thee,
Is sanctified, sweet Maid! to me.
Where dost thou lean thy pensive head?
Thy tears what tender tale can shed?

Where dost thou stretch thy snowy arm,
And with thy plaintive accents charm?—
But hold! that image through my frame
Raises a wild tempestuous flame.—
Oh! Mary, Mary, let the tale
Of luckier votaries prevail,
And happier, happier days be thine:—
But woes and phrenzy must be mine.

TO A LADY IN ILLNESS.

New to the world, when all was fairy ground,
And shapes romantic swam before my sight,
Thy beauty caught my soul, and tints as bright,
And fair as Fancy's dreams, in thee I found:
In cold Experience when my hopes were drown'd,
And life's dark clouds o'er-veil'd in mists of night
The forms that wont to fill me with delight,
Thy view again dispell'd the darkness round.
Shall I forget thee, when the pallid cheek,
The sighing voice, wan look, and plaintive air,
No more the roseate hue of health bespeak?
Shall I neglect thee as no longer fair?
No, lovely Maid! If in my heart I seek,
Thy beauty deeply is engraven there.

ON MUTUAL LOVE.

Oh Love, requited Love, how fine thy thrills,
That shake the trembling frame with ecstasy;
Ev'n every vein celestial pleasure fills,
And inexpressive bliss is in each sigh;

In the tranc'd ear aërial music trills,
Fairies enchanted radiance round supply,
Nectar divine the magic cup distills,
And heavenly figures dance before the eye:
The dear adored Beauty, who in tears,
Seen through her smiles, has charm'd the Lover's woes,
An Angel not of earthly mould appears;
And spreads enchantment wheresoe'er she goes.
Oh Heaven, kind Heaven, that joy like this would last!
But bliss is not for earth; clouds rise, the vision's past.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1786.

Samuel Rogers, Esq. author of the "Pleasures of Memory," is the son of a gentleman, who some years ago stood candidate for the representation of Coventry. Mr. Rogers is known to the commercial world, as partner in a city banking-house. He is unmarried.

A FAREWELL.

ONCE more, enchanting Girl, adieu!
I must be gone, while yet I may.
Oft shall I weep to think of you;
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same,
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace:
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.

— Say, when to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanc'd with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say—but no, it must not be.
Adieu, enchanting Girl, adieu!
— Yet still, methinks, you frown on me;
Or never could I fly from you.

ROBERT BURNS.

1787.

The life of this unfortunate bard commenced on the 29th of January 1759, at a place situated about two miles from the town of Ayr, in Scotland. Descended from peasants, his first years were consigned to the labours of agriculture, in the midst of which, like some of the greatest men of antiquity, he was visited by his inspiring genius. Burns was the Bloomfield of Scotland: Bloomfield is the Burns of England. Both were found, by the Muse, at the plough; both have delighted to sing the loves and joys of their native plains; and both have obtained the reputation and dignity of poets.

Love, however, first tuned the 'wild harp' of Burns. With this passion he was deeply impressed even in his sixteenth year; when, says Dr. Currie, "his attachments, though humble, were of a pure and interesting kind." This observation probably refers to the MARY whose worth he has affectingly commemorated; and with whom he was early accustomed to wander by the delightful banks of Ayr, the spot where finally they met—"to live one day of parting-love!" She was undoubtedly the object of his fervent and purest affection. "*There* should *I*," says her lover, writing to Mrs. Dunlop, December 13, 1789, and speaking of a *Future State*, "with speechless agony of rapture, again recognise my lost, my ever-dear MARY! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." How sincerely is to be lamented, that such sentiments could not uniformly influence the character of Burns! He afterwards became unhappily married; being compelled to invest her with the control of his life, whom he seems at first to have selected only for the gratification of a temporary inclination; and to this circumstance much of his misconduct is perhaps ascribable.

Genius, it must be confessed, did not contribute to the happiness of Burns. His expectation of preferment was

attempted to be appeased by the paltry but dangerous post of an exciseman, which, as it facilitated the practice of intoxication, must have accelerated his dissolution. This event took place July 21, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

The poor Inhabitant below—
Was quick to learn, and wise to know;
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame:*
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

BURNS on himself.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands thy primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowrets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering Star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.—
O Mary! dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records pure of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;

The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing West
  Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but the' impression deeper makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear!
My Mary—dear departed Shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st *thou* thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st *thou* the groans that rend his breast?

MARY ROBINSON.

1788.

Perhaps the period is not yet arrived, in which the character of Mrs Robinson can be dispassionately appreciated. She undoubtedly possessed a genius both valuable and original; while her misfortunes entitled her to more consideration in other respects, than her adversaries have been willing to admit. Without minutely entering into the history of the following poems, selected from her multifarious productions, they were evidently dictated by the circumstances in which they profess to be written; and are the effusions of a heart deeply agitated with the tenderest but most poignant of human passions: they appeal to every bosom, and cannot fail to charm any one that is endued with the least portion of natural sensibility.

Mrs. Robinson was born on the 27th of November 1758, at the Minster-House in Bristol, the descendent of a good family, and daughter of reputable parents, of the name of Darby. At sixteen years of age, she became the wife of Mr. R., an event to which she has ascribed the long train of her subsequent calamities. After a series of extraordinary events, during which, being separated from her husband, she attracted the particular attentions of a very Illustrious Prince, Mrs. R. became attached to Colonel (now General) Tarleton;—a connection which appears to have been the *first* that really interested her feelings, and which subsisted nearly sixteen years, from the termination of the war in America.

Her chequered life was, at length, closed in a kind of stupor, often the precursor of immediate dissolution, on the evening of the 26th of December 1800. She died at a Cottage, near Windsor; and was buried, pursuant to her own directions, in Old Windsor Church-yard.—

When bleeding Nature droops to die,
And begs from Heaven the' eternal sleep;
Hard is the heart that cannot sigh!
And curs'd the eye that scorns to weep!

How rich the tear by Pity shed!
How sweet her sighs for human woes!—
They pierce the mansions of the Dead!
And soothe the Spectre's pale repose!

WOLCOTT.

THE SORROWS OF MEMORY.

In vain to me the howling deep
Stern Winter's awful reign discloses;
In vain shall Summer's zephyrs sleep
On fragrant beds of budding roses:
To me alike each scene appears,
Since thou hast broke my heart, or nearly;
While Memory writes in frequent tears,
That I have lov'd thee—very dearly!

How many summers pass'd away,
How many winters, sad and dreary;
And still I taught thee to be gay,
Whene'er thy soul of life was weary:
When lingering sickness wrung thy breast,
And bow'd thee to the earth—or nearly;
I strove to lull thy mind to rest—
For then I lov'd thee—O! how dearly!

And though the flush of joy no more
Shall o'er my cheek its lustre throwing,
Bid sensual fools that cheek adore,
And talk of passions—ever glowing;

Still to thy mind should time impart
A charm, to bid it feel sincerely,
Nor idly wound a breaking heart—
That lov'd thee long—and lov'd thee dearly.

Could gold thy truant fancy bind,
A faithful heart would still content me;
For, O! to gain that heart unkind,
I gave thee all that fortune lent me:
In youth, when suitors round me press'd,
Who vow'd to love, and love sincerely—
When wealth could never charm my breast,
Though thou wert poor,—I lov'd thee dearly.

Seek not the fragile dreams of love,
Such fleeting phantoms will deceive thee;
They will but transient idols prove,
In wealth beguile, in sorrow leave thee:
Ah! dost thou hope the sordid mind,
When thou art poor, will feel sincerely?
Wilt thou in such that friendship find,
Which warm'd the heart that lov'd thee dearly?

Though fickle passions cease to burn
For her so long thy bosom's treasure;
Ah! think that reason may return,
When far from thee my paths I measure:
Say, who will then thy conscience heal,
Or who shall bid thy heart beat cheerly?
Or, from that heart the memory steal
Of her who lov'd thee long and dearly?

When war shall rouse the brooding storm,
And horrors haunt thy thorny pillow;
When fancy shall present my form,
Borne on the wild and restless billow;

O! where wilt thou a mistress find,
Whose pulse, like mine, shall throb sincerely?
Or who thy heart in spells shall bind—
When her's is broke—that lov'd thee dearly?

When thou contending throngs shalt court,
Where party zeal has doubly crown'd thee,
Perchance of fortune's frowns the sport,
Caprice or cold neglect may wound thee:
Then wilt thou find no generous heart
To bid thee bear misfortune cheerly;
No friend in grief to bear a part,
Like her who lov'd thee long and dearly.

Could I to distant regions stray.
From thee my thoughts wou.d never wander;
For, at the purpling close of day,
By some lone vagrant rill's meander,
Each wandering bee, each chilling wind,
Would tell the heart that's broken nearly,
In them, where'er they rove, to find
The faults of him I lov'd so dearly!

I will not court thy fickle love;
Soon shall our fates and fortunes sever;
Far from thy scorn will I remove,
And smiling, sigh—'Adieu for ever!'
Give to the sordid fiends thy days,
Still trust that they will act sincerely,
And, when the specious mask decays,
Lament the heart—that lov'd thee dearly!

For time will swiftly journey on,
And age, with sickness, haste to meet thee;
Friends prove deceitful, wantons shun—
When they no more with smiles can cheat thee.

Then wilt thou seek, in vain, to find
A faithful heart, that beats sincerely;
A passion—centering in the mind,
Which, scorning interest, lov'd thee dearly!

When in the grave my woes shall sleep,
No soothing dream will bless thy slumber;
For thou wilt often wake to weep,
And, in despair, my sorrows number:
My shade will haunt thy aching eyes,
My voice, in whispers, tell thee clearly,
How cold, at last, that bosom lies,
Which lov'd thee long—and lov'd thee dearly!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS, JULY, 1792.

INSCRIBED TO ———.

BOUNDING Billow, cease thy motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er;
Cease thy roarings, foamy Ocean;
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love, with proud Resentment meeting,
Throbs, by turns, with joy and pain.

Joy, that far from foes I wander,
Where their arts can reach no more!
Pain, that woman's heart grows fonder
When her dream of bliss is o'er.

Far I go, where Fate shall lead me,
Far across the restless deep,
Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

Proud has been my fatal passion,
Proud my injur'd heart shall be;
For each thought, each inclination,
Still shall prove me—worthy thee!

Not one sigh shall tell my story;
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory;
Grief, that stoops not to complain!

Yet, e'er far from all I treasur'd,
********, ere I bid adieu;
Ere my days of pain are measur'd,
Take the song that's still thy due.

I have lov'd thee—dearly lov'd thee,
Through an age of worldly woe!
How ungrateful I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exile show!

Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hour by hour, I counted o'er;
Looking forward, till to-morrow,
Every day I lov'd thee more!

Wealth and splendor could not charm me,
Rank possess'd no lure for me;
Nor could threats or fears alarm me;
Save the fear of losing Thee!

When the storms of Fortune press'd thee,
I have wept to see thee weep;
When relentless cares distress'd thee,
I have lull'd those cares to sleep.

Think, when all the world forsook thee,
When with grief thy soul was prest,
How to these fond arms I took thee—
How I clasp'd thee to my breast!

Often hast thou smiling told me,
'Wealth and pow'r were trifling toys,
When thou fondly didst enfold me,
Rich in Love's luxuriant joys!'

Fare thee well, ungrateful Rover—
Welcome Gallia's hostile shore!
Now the breezes waft me over;
Now we part—to meet no more.

WILLIAM BELOE.

1788.

The Rev. Mr. Beloe is a gentleman well known in the learned world. He is author of some respectable works, and the translator of others.

ELEGY.

YES, DELIA! long as beats this trembling heart,
Those scenes, those hours shall sweet remembrance bring,
In which as yet had cold Regret no part,
But we were gay, and cheerful as the Spring.

Those scenes, those hours in pensive song shall live,
When our true hearts the purest offerings made;
When much we lov'd our secret thoughts to give,
As friendship prompted in some silent shade.

The flowery wreaths which then thy fingers wove,
Still all their perfume, all their bloom retain;
The tender tales which *then* our hearts could move,
Now warm to pleasure, and *now* wake to pain!

Fancy, be still! restrain thy wanton pride,
For thy gay moments shall return no more:
Hush'd are the winds, and calm the azure tide;
And, lo! the bark has reach'd its destin'd shore.

Yet thou didst oft in wildest vision stray,
And pouredst oft a sweet delusive strain;
Soft Passion listen'd to the fairy lay,
Nor could believe that all thy dreams were vain:

And, while to distant climes and future hours
Young credulous Hope in flowery bands you led,
To his rapt eye exhausted all your pow'rs,
His unsuspicious soul those pow'rs obey'd.

And oft with thee, he fascinated rov'd
Gay fragrant meads and myrtle bowers among:
Delia can tell how much thy power he prov'd;
For she, too, listen'd to the syren song.

But, ah! soft Passion must awake no more;
So reason bids, and so does fate ordain:
Yet will the Muse that wayward fate deplore,
And yet lament that Fancy's dreams were vain!

SONNET.

BREATHE soft, ye Gales! along the vernal plain,
More solemn notes awake my gentle Lyre;
For, did not Beauty ask a different Strain?
A theme far different of the Muse require?
Fair though she be; though each impassion'd heart,
Powerless, submit to her superior charms;
She bids—and I forego the pleasing part,
To sing of beauty, and of love's alarms.
Be to her Virtue, then, my song address'd,
Here, let the Muse her strength, her sweetness prove;
And sure she is with every virtue bless'd,
Which heightens beauty, and increases love!
As shines the blushing rose, midst dews of morn,
So does SEMIRA's mind her form adorn.

THOMAS MONTGOMMERY.

1790.

This gentleman resides at Sheffield, where he is Editor and proprietor of "The Iris" newspaper. Under the signature *Alcæus*, he forms one of the ablest contributors to the present "Poetical Register." A poet of uncommon excellence, nothing but his diffidence can have restrained Mr. Montgommery from asserting the rank to which he is entitled among his contemporaries.

HANNAH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER WHO IS DEAD TO ME.

At fond sixteen, my roving heart
Was pierc'd by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd in every vein—
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic Maid:
I stole her hand—it shrunk—but, no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye:
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun enamour'd woos young May;
Nor May with softer maiden grace
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;—
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The Angel of Affliction rose,
And in his train a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood—and all his wrath defied;
I stood—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my Nymph; yet knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye:
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that Maid
Glanc'd, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promis'd happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smil'd.

'Twas on the morning of that day,
When Phœbus marries rosy May,
I sought once more the charming spot
Where bloom'd the thorn by Hannah's cot.

O! as I cross'd the neighbouring plain,
I liv'd my wooing days again;
And Fancy sketch'd my future life—
My home, my children, and my wife.

I saw the village steeple rise;
My soul sprang, sparkling, in mine eyes;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet;—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday!
I met a Wedding—stept aside;
O, God!—my Hannah was the Bride!

—— There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal!
—— My heart grew cold—it felt not *then!*
When shall it *cease to feel* again?

WILLIAM KENDALL.

1793.

Mr. Kendall has translated part of Filangieri's work on the Science of Legislation; and he is author of a volume of elegant Poems. He is reported to be a native of Devonshire.

ERE LAURA met my ravish'd view,
My cheek confess'd health's roseate bloom;
My soul nor love nor sorrow knew—
How beauty's power hath chang'd my doom!

'Mid lonely glades, with tear-fraught eyes,
Wandering I mourn my secret pain;
The passing breeze, with lengthen'd sighs,
In pity murmurs to my strain.

Now, lull'd by Hope's elysian smile,
My fears in silent slumber rest;
Now dreams that every thought beguile,
Serenely soothing, cheer my breast.

But ah! too soon my grief returns—
Again tumultuous passions rise;
Again my tortur'd bosom burns;
And all the dear illusion flies!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

1796.

Richard Alfred Davenport, Esq. was born at Lambeth, in the county of Surry, January 18, 1777. It is from a publication entitled the "Poetical Register," projected by him in the year 1800, and since annually continued, that Mr. Davenport seems principally to derive his consideration as a poet; and from this work are transcribed several productions that enrich the present Series. Formed by the study of our early poetical classics, the diction of this writer is peculiarly calculated for the expression of amatory feelings. He certainly displays, on all occasions, a sweetness and simplicity of style seldom discoverable in the compositions of the modern muse.

In 1800, Mr. Davenport married Miss Wheler, a very beautiful young lady, descended from families respectable for their antiquity and property. To this lady, his IANTHE, many of Mr. Davenport's poems are supposed to refer.

TO ********

If from that hour the dewy Morn's bright eyes
On earth first ope, till dull night's spectred-noon—
When, with slow solemn march, the vestal Moon,
And marshall'd band of stars, descend the skies,
Musing to stray, and with repeated sighs,
That speak a heart with saddest woe in tune,
To crave of pitying Heaven alone this boon—
That with fresh bliss for thee each morn may rise!
If those thou lov'st, to hold than life more dear—
To place their image in my heart next thine;
If when thy mild, thy angel-voice I hear,
On the soft sounds to dwell—ô Maid divine!—
Might claim one tender sigh, one pitying tear;
The pitying tear, the tender sigh were mine.

TO ********.

Ah, me! in vain wild wood, or noiseless dell,
Or frowning steep, with weary feet I trace,
Hopeful, thou sweet Enchantress, to erase
From my sad heart thy firm-enwoven spell.
Vain hope, indeed! for Memory too well
Hath treasur'd up each charm of thy fair face,
Thy matchless mind, thy form's transcendent grace;
And loves, all else forgot, on them to dwell!
Each blooming flower in silence speaks of thee;
I hear thy voice in each melodious sound;
And as I stray, each lovely form I see,
Thine swift recalls with brighter beauty crown'd!
Alas! what then remains for wretched me,
But still to love—though Fate hath sternly frown'd?

Yes, false one, triumph in my woes,
And joy these flowing tears to view!
How just, to wound that heart's repose
That gladly would have bled for you?

Yet, poor the pleasure thou hast gain'd,
And very soon will it be o'er;
That bosom, where thou long hast reign'd,
Shall fondly throb for thee no more.

Nor vainly think my tears, my sighs,
Love's still-unvanquish'd pow'r proclaim:
Each drop, that trickles from my eyes,
But helps to quench his dying flame.

TO ——.

'Twas not the quick and dazzling glance,
That fires and overpowers the soul,
And wraps it in delirious trance,
That bow'd me to thy sweet controul:

No! 'twas from eyes of heavenly blue,
A languid, tender, timid ray,
Stealing through lids of darkest hue,
That won me from myself away.

'Twas not the firm, commanding voice,
Whose rapid eloquence o'erflows,
And seems at homage to rejoice,
That rous'd my breast from dull repose.

No! 'twas the soft and melting tones,
Like nectar dropping from thy tongue,
By which my heart thy empire owns;
Its every chord to Passion strung.

And while that winning voice I hear,
And while those beaming eyes I see,
Than light, or life, to me more dear,
My bosom's sovereign thou must be!

TO MY RIVAL.

Tell me, poor Rival! tell me why,
The fruitless hopeless chase pursuing,
To Lelia's presence still you fly,
By many a pray'r her favour wooing?

Dost thou not mark how deaf an ear
She turns to all thy soft advances?
Dost thou not mark, what looks severe
On *thee* my Lelia often glances?

In vain her face and form you praise;
No praise of thine, believe me, charms her;
For, firm against each artful phrase,
My ever-present image arms her!

Each gem that Earth's dark caves contain
Did Fate permit thy hand to proffer,
My Lelia still would *mine* remain,
And proudly spurn thy dazzling offer!

No! never shalt thou triumph o'er
Her heart, for me with passion glowing!
One smile of mine she prizes more
Than boundless wealth of thy bestowing.

What madness in thy soul would dwell!
How the detested sight would wound thee!
To see with bliss her bosom swell,
As fond she clasps her arms around me:

To see me on her breast recline,
Entranc'd in more than mortal pleasure;
While from her lips she showers on mine
Of kisses her ambrosial treasure.

Then soft she breathes the' impassion'd vow—
"Dearest! no time our bands shall sever;
For truely as I love thee now,
So truely will I love thee ever.

"Yes, my Belov'd, thy Lelia lives,
For thee alone; nor wilt thou doubt me;
Yes, all that e'er existence gives,
Is cold and valueless without thee!"

More close to mine her lovely form
With tender violence she presses;
And, with such smiles as Death might warm,
She lavishes her sweet caresses.

Quit then, poor Rival! quit a chase
In shame and disappointment ending;
Nor more delusive hopes embrace,
Both vanity and folly blending.

Yet, still may'st thou pursue my Fair,
With amorous suit and love-lorn ditty,
Nor fear my rage; thy fruitless care
Moves not my anger, but my pity.

THOMAS PARK.

1797.

Thomas Park, Esq. was born in 1760, and educated under the Rev. T. Christopherson, at Heighington, near Lincoln. Here he continued beyond the period usually allotted for school-instruction, from an assurance of being placed in the Imprest Office, by the late Auditor. That expectation however failing, and some casual propensity for Drawing having evinced itself, he was consigned to Graphical pursuits, and produced several specimens of his progress in mezzotinto. But the pen seems to have divided his attention with the pencil; and he was stimulated by Cowper to let the fruits of this predilection appear in a volume of "Sonnets," printed in 1797, and favourably received. Since then, the name of Mr. Park frequently occurs as a contributor to literary works, particularly those relating to our early vernacular poets and poetry, by Ritson, Ellis, and Nicholls. In 1802 he was elected F. S. A. He republished Harrington's "Nugæ Antiquæ," with explanatory Notes, in 1804; and furnished, during the same year, *Poetical Illustrations* to the Princess Elizabeth's designs of "Cupid turned Volunteer." He is reported to be studiously engaged in preparing a very extended edition of the "Royal and Noble Authors;" and he is now supplying a Collated Text for Sharpe's elegant cabinet series of the "British Poets."

The following Sonnet is addressed to Mrs. Park, whose accomplishments and virtues are acknowledged amply to justify the praises of an affectionate husband.

TO MRS. P.

For *thee*, best treasure of a Husband's heart!—
Whose bliss it is that thou for life art so;
That thy fond bosom bears a faithful part
In every casual change his breast can know:
For *thee*, whom Virtuous Passion made his choice,
Whom Genius and Affection make his pride,
Connubial Rapture tunes his grateful voice,
And hails the Mother dearer than the Bride;
And though thy worth deserves a brighter palm
Than Laureate hands round Diadems entwine,
Love's simple chaplet happily may charm,
With truer tenderer ecstasy, from mine!
And let me still but reign *thy* "bosom's Lord,"
Be fame or wealth their votary's reward.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

1797.

This lady, already known to the world as an interesting Novelist, is the daughter of a gentleman formerly an officer of Dragoons, and youngest sister of Robert Ker Porter, Esq. the celebrated painter of the "Storming of Seringapatam," &c. &c. &c.; the eldest sister of whom, Miss Jane Porter, has also distinguished herself by the romance of "Thaddeus." Miss Anna Maria is author of several works, of which one, entitled "Artless Tales," appeared so early as her fourteenth year, and gave ample promise of the talents she has since displayed. If any judgment is to be formed by the delicacy and pathos which distinguish the following poems, her sorrows were not imaginary: they are the genuine effusions of sensibility and tenderness.

A WISH.

MINE be the Abbey's wild retreat,
With park and wood surrounded wide;
Where grass should form a verdant seat,
And field-flowers bloom their scented pride.

The abbey—where the armour'd hall
Should own the painted window's light;
The oak-grown walk where rooks should call,
Returning from the evening flight:

The river, lost among the trees;
The torrent, rushing down the steep;
Groves, where the Summer's sighing breeze
In moonlight-night might tempt to sleep.

There, through the lawny path I'd rove,
Pausing to catch the vista's gleam,
Led by the valued Youth I love;
Or watch the sun's expiring beam.

Oft, on his arm, I'd range the wood;
Or, lonely, in the park I'd read;
Or frequent seek the shaded flood,
Rousing the young deer with my tread.

And as the moon, in Autumn's night,
Silver'd the fallen leaves, and cast
Along our path a track of light,
We'd roam, nor fear the howling blast:

The leafless trees—the thick-strewn path—
May call uncheck'd the thinking sigh,
And the loud wind's destructive wrath
May warn us that we both must die!

But, then!—the rolling Orb above,
And starry concave, would proclaim
That other worlds should see our love;
And sanctify the glorious flame!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Ring on! ring on, ye merry bells!
And be to *others* sounds of gladness—
Alas! your silver sweetness swells
To wake *my* slumbering heart to madness!

Ring on! ring on! for since your chimes
Shall never *now* my wedding hallow,
O! be the voice of other times;
And rouse their joys, like spectres sallow!

Ah! ring such pensive peals as when
In these tall groves I wander'd sighing;
And listen'd to the best of men!—
Who now in yonder grave is lying!

Ah! ring such peals as may recall
Those happy hours—now gone for ever!—
And, while the bitter tear-drops fall,
At once my soul and reason sever!

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

1797.

The account of Gifford has been published by himself, with a manliness of mind, and integrity of detail, of which perhaps there is no other example throughout the range of general biography. It is in this spirit that lives should be written, if they are designed to inform the living, and not merely to eulogise the dead.

William Gifford was born in April 1757, at Ashburton in Devonshire. Rescued from obscurity by the force of his own merit, supported by the generous discrimination of Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon of his native place, he afterwards procured admission to Exeter College, Oxford. Here a casual connexion became the means of introducing him to the notice of the late Earl Grosvenor, to whose unexampled patronage, during a period of twenty years, the world is probably indebted for the possession of those excellent satires the "Baviad and Mæviad," of which the latter appeared in 1795.

If conjecture may be allowed to designate the object of the only "two wild strains that live in Mr. Gifford's recollection," surely it is of ANNA that he speaks, in the following melancholy passage of his early life. "I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike. *From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class.*

"SHE was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. *My heart* had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it *revived at the first encouraging word:* and the gratitude I felt for it, was *the first pleasing sensation I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.*" To this amiable girl, and to her only,

seem to refer these lines, in the "Baviad and Mæviad," introductory of the two poems to Anna.

"Unheard till ANNA came,
(What! throb'st thou YET, my bosom, at the name?)
And chas'd the' oppressive doubts that round me clung,
And fir'd my breast, and loosen'd all my tongue.
* * * * * * * * *
How oft, O Dart! what time the faithful Pair
Walk'd forth, the fragrant hour of Eve to share,
On thy romantic banks; have my wild strains,
(Not yet forgot amidst my native plains)
While thou hast sweetly gurgled down the vale,
Fill'd up the pause of love's delightful tale!
While, ever as the road, the conscious Maid,
By faltering voice and downcast looks betray'd,
Would blushing on her Lover's neck recline,
And with her finger point the tenderest line!"

Such a woman was not likely to be effaced from the memory of such a lover! It is in this canonization of the heart, this sanctity of attachment, that human affection appears to approach the immortality for which it was designed.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

SWEET flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies;

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That Sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with loveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathising heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there!

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful Muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing Maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I WISH I was where ANNA lies!
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries
'Go, and partake her humble bier!'

I wish I could! for when she died
I lost my all; and life has prov'd
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair;
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have 'no business there?'

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd; snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while Memory loves to dwell
  Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
  And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would Fate allow,
  Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
  And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet Maid! this simple strain,
  The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
  And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
  Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
  Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
  Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdu'd,
  Thy gay good humour—Can they "fade!"

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1797.

Mr. Coleridge was born at St. Mary Ossory in Devonshire, and educated at Christ's Hospital in London; whence, probably on the foundation, he was sent to Jesus' College in Cambridge. His poems, by which he has acquired durable fame, appeared first at Bristol, and were then republished, with additions, in London. He has occasionally amused himself with assisting in the paper-war of politics. Mr. Coleridge is now at Malta, as Secretary to Sir A. Ball.

Sara is the poetical appellation assigned by this poet to his wife, formerly Miss Sarah Fricker. She is sister to the widow of Robert Lovell, a gentleman whose poems were inserted in Mr. Southey's first publication; and she is also sister to the present Mrs. Southey. Three poets married three sisters. Those who recollect the project once indulged by Coleridge, Southey, &c. of an amicable emigration to America, where these poetical friends fondly proposed to imitate the simplicity of the patriarchal life, will perceive that their intercourse, however fanciful, founded in similarity of taste, was to be strengthened by the most interesting ties of consanguinity.

TO SARA.

'One kiss, dear Maid?' I said, and sigh'd—
Your scorn the little boon deny'd.
Ah! why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can Danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,

At Morning's break, at Evening's close,
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose;
And hovers o'er the' uninjur'd Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing Kisses fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose's hue.
Bashful, lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the opening Rose:
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd "No!"
The whisper'd "No"——how little meant!
Sweet falsehood, that endears Consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile;
And tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of joy.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied:

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with the dew.

I softly seiz'd the' unguarded Power,
Nor scar'd his balmy rest;
And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower,
On spotless SARA's breast.

But, when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the pris'ner sweet;
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the' impatient boy!
He gaz'd! he thrill'd with deep delight!
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

"And ô!" he cried—"Of magic kind
What charms this Throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix *my* empire here."

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

1798.

The celebrated biographer of "Lorenzo de' Medici," a native of Liverpool, received his education at the Free-School in that city, and was afterwards articled to an attorney residing there. Mr. Roscoe gave early specimens of poetic genius. He is author of an unfinished poem on the "Wrongs of Africa," of several popular detached poems, and, in 1798, he presented to the public a poem entitled "The Nurse," from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo. It is from this volume that the following beautiful tribute of connubial affection is transcribed; and to the object of it we are probably indebted for the Translation of which it is introductory.

No longer trammelled by the plodding details of legal practice, Mr. Roscoe is enabled to pursue the brilliant career of literary honour. He has eight children, on one of whom Nature appears to have entailed the genius of the father.

TO MRS. ROSCOE.

As thus in calm Domestic leisure blest
I wake to British notes the' Ausonian Strings,
Be thine the Strain; for what the poet sings
Has the chaste tenor of thy life exprest.
And whilst, delighted, to thy willing breast,
With rosy lip thy smiling Infant clings,
Pleas'd I reflect, that from those healthful springs
(Ah, not by *thee* with niggard love repress'd!)
Six Sons successive, and, thy later care,
Two Daughters fair have drank: for this be thine
Those best delights approving conscience knows;
And whilst thy days with cloudless suns decline,
May filial love thy evening couch prepare,
And soothe thy latest hours to soft repose!

WILLIAM SMYTH.

1798.

Author of "English Lyrics," and contributor of some poems to the "Metrical Miscellany." He is understood to reside at Liverpool.

LAURA! thy sighs must now no more
My faltering step detain;
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus in vain.
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah, think! though doom'd from thee to fly,
My heart speaks no adieu.

Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone;
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own.
One last long kiss, and then we part—
Another—and adieu!
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

ANNA SEWARD.

1798.

Miss Seward, daughter of the Rev. T. Seward, appears to have been born about the year 1743, at the village of Eyam in Derbyshire, of which her father was rector. He became afterwards prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary of Litchfield. It was on the latter promotion, that Miss Seward removed to Litchfield; where she has continued to reside, since her thirteenth year, in the Bishop's palace. Her publications are, poems in Lady Miller's Bath-Easton volume; Elegy on Captain Cook, and Monody on Major André; Louisa, a poetical novel; Elegy on Lady Miller; Ode to General Elliot; Llangollen Vale, &c.; Sonnets; and Memoirs of Dr. Darwin. Miss Seward has been celebrated for her personal charms, is highly accomplished, and much esteemed for the suavity of her manners, and the vivacity of her conversation.

With such advantages, it is scarcely possible that Miss Seward can have lived unsought and unattached. Some of her poems, indeed, authorise a very different opinion to that of her having remained a stranger to the passion which influences so important a part of human conduct, and which often constitutes either the happiness or misery of individuals.

BALLAD.

I WAKE and weep, when wintry winds
Are howling loud upon the lea,
And louder gales my fancy finds
For WILLIAM on the foaming sea;
But, calming soon the pictur'd storm,
Sweet hopes into my bosom creep,
And tell me summer-breezes warm
Shall waft him safely o'er the Deep.

Four years on India's sultry coast
Has War's rude voice my Love detain'd,
While here, to every pleasure lost,
His ANNA's languid form remain'd.
And o'er the steep rock still to lean,
Still eager watch each gliding sail,
That languid Form is duly seen
At ruddy morn, and evening pale.

But ah! no handkerchief I mark
Stream from the deck in crimson dye!
Dear signal! wanting *thee*, the Bark
Is hail'd by many a mournful sigh:
Its shouts discordant seem to me,
That echo from the stony pier,
Since William's face I cannot see,
Since William's voice I cannot hear!

SONNET.

FAREWELL, false Friend!—our scenes of kindness close!
To cordial looks, to sunny smiles farewell!
To sweet consolings, that can grief expel,
And every joy soft sympathy bestows!
For alter'd looks, where truth no longer glows,
Thou hast prepar'd my heart;—and it was well
To bid thy pen the' unlook'd-for story tell,
Falsehood avow'd that shame, nor sorrow knows.—
O! when we meet,—(to meet we're destin'd, try
To' avoid it as thou may'st) on either brow,
Nor in the stealing consciousness of eye,
Be seen the slightest trace of what, or how
We once were to each other; nor one sigh
Flatter with weak regret a broken vow!

CHARLES LEFTLY.

1800.

To the list of those who have become unfortunate by the possession of genius, is to be added the name of Leftly. He was the son of a respectable grocer in the Strand, where he is supposed to have been born. Without the advantages of superior education, he attracted the notice of some distinguished individuals, but this was all. He was caressed, flattered, and dismissed. He died, at about the twenty-second year of his age, but in what year is not ascertained. The cause of this premature dissolution, as the present writer has been assured, by one to whom Charles Leftly was intimately known, was positively a "*broken heart!*" He could not sustain the reverse of those expectations, which confidence in his own abilities naturally induced him to form; and which the applause of acquaintances, the prognostications of friends, and the promises of patrons, had in some measure confirmed. His taste was formed by the study of our early poets, of whose simplicity he is not merely an imitator.

LATELY at afternoon the sun hot-shining,
Flush'd with the grape, and in poetics deep;
On a soft sopha carelessly reclining,
Tuning new sonnets, lo! I dropp'd asleep.
Through the vine-bower'd windows then inclining,
My mistress from the garden chanc'd to peep;
And left her lilies with the heat repining,
On tip-toe to my cool recess to creep.
She read the verse for her sweet self intended:
'We must indeed,' she said, 'those lips salute,
Which blushingly do use such modest suit,
That maiden meekness cannot be offended!'
She kiss'd, I wak'd—how eloquently mute
Her eyes; her blushes the sweet fault defended.

SONNET.

Pardon that absence, Mistress, which offended,
And think what fears to servitude belong;
Indeed, indeed, my love, I meant no wrong;
My thoughts at least upon your feast attended:
But had I gone the merry guests among,
Though by your smiles and cheering care befriended,
How sadly would my sighs and tears have blended
With their loud laugh and bacchanalian song?
Hard was the task, and painful to forbear,
When Music, Beauty, Wit, and Mirth invited;
And sad the contrast of such social fare,
To sit alone in the mind's gloom benighted!
But, lo! you weep. Nay, if my griefs you share,
By such affection I am well requited.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1800.

Mr. Wordsworth resides at Grassmere. He is reported to possess a beautiful wife, a Yorkshire lady, his union with whom was characterised by that eccentric enthusiasm which constitutes the charm of his poetry.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

Her Teacher I myself will be,
She is my darling;—and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the Fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating Clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Ev'n in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where Rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring Sound,
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy Dell.

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died and left to me
This heath; this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be!

She dwelt among the' untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A Violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the Eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She liv'd unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceas'd to be;
But she is in her Grave, and, Oh!
The difference to me.

N. S. S. L.

1800.

All that can be related respecting the following exquisite productions of the amatory muse, must excite, instead of gratifying curiosity. They were inserted in a Novel, that never experienced the attention its merits deserved, and are believed to have been written by a very beautiful and highly accomplished young Lady, perhaps still residing in the vicinity of Southampton. Who will not regret, that the author of such poems has thought fit to shade herself under the veil of obscurity? As effusions of genuine passion and refined sensibility, they are not surpassed either by her predecessors or contemporaries.

AWAKE, my Harp, some joyful measure!
No longer breathe a pensive strain;
Be, like my soul, attun'd to pleasure,
And never mourn again.

Awake, my Harp, some joyful measure!
'Twas Love that taught thy strings to move;
And love now fills my soul with pleasure—
Then hymn the charms of Love!

O Love! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, rais'd, refin'd.

And some there are who can dissemble
The raptures of thy ardent flame;
And some poor maidens start and tremble,
If they but hear thy name.

Ah! though thy charms were all illusion,
Such dear deceits I still would seek!
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,
Thy looks that more than speak.

Thou know'st, O Love! how I have blest thee,
How oft for thee my heart hath beat;
How oft in sorrow I've carest thee,
And thought thy sorrow sweet.

O Love! some call thy musings folly;
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, rais'd, refin'd!

ELEGY.

Alas! my friend, how vainly dost thou tell me,
That Reason may tranquillity restore,
And with her soft persuasive voice impel me
To check my sorrows, and to sigh no more.

Ah! rather I would ask that lenient pow'r,
Oblivious Time, some solace to impart,
Did I not feel that each revolving hour
Binds him more firmly to my aching heart:

Or I would court the silken smiles of Pleasure,
Athwart my path a cheering beam to throw;
But, no! her once-lov'd sounds, in sprightly measure,
Seem all discordant to the ear of Woe.

Nor mirth, nor distant space, nor change of season,
My bosom's secret anguish can remove;
All, all are vain,—but chief thy boasted Reason,
For it was she, alas! that bade me love.

His virtues, graces, genius, she repeated,
And much I gloried in the heart I won;
Nor did I blush though easily intreated;
I scarce had seen him ere I lost my own.

For to my soul she brought the sweet conviction,
That he was noble, generous, and refin'd:
Such as bright Fancy oft pourtrays in fiction,
With every charm to fascinate the mind.

Then Reason whisper'd he could ne'er deceive me,
Or with feign'd vows of tenderness beguile;
And little reck'd I that it e'er would grieve me
To catch his looks of love, his heavenly smile.

Even now when adverse Fortune bids us sever,
Amid my sighs and tears she brings relief:
She tells me, that his heart is mine for ever,
And that his virtues sanctify my grief.

Thus the heart-rending pangs of secret sadness,
Reason has nurtur'd, but can ne'er remove:
No! she must die with grief, or rave in madness,
Ere for a moment I can cease to love!

ELEGY.

'Twas sweet as violet-breathing gale,
'Twas soothing as the moon's faint beam,
'Twas tender as the ring-dove's tale,—
— Alas! and was it but a dream?

Methought I saw him once again,
Again I listen'd to his voice;
It calm'd the tumults of my brain,
It made my throbbing heart rejoice.

O! with what eager, keen delight
I trac'd a form distinct and clear,
That cheated my enraptur'd sight,
With the blest thought that he was near.

Love still was weeping in his eyes,
As first the little traitor stole,
Conceal'd in Pity's soft disguise,
To pierce and agonize my soul.

Upon his cheek the lingering tear
Told me in absence he was true;
And that pale cheek was far more dear
Than had it glow'd with joy's bright hue.

His glistening eyes long fix'd on me,
A thousand tender hopes impart;
For such the looks 'twas heaven to see,
When first he sought and won my heart:

Methought they bade my sorrows cease,
And charm'd despondence from my breast;
Methought they promis'd joy and peace,
And, for a moment, I was blest.

But ah! too soon I wake and weep!
Too soon the hated morning-beam
Dispels the phantasies of sleep!—
Alas! and was it but a dream?

In dreams by night, in dreams by day,
Methinks I see thee still before me!
Methinks I hear the faltering voice
That whisper'd 'Laura, I adore thee!'

Alas! the rapid, conscious blush
  Too soon proclaim'd what then befel me!
My downcast looks, my trembling frame,
  Told much, much more than words could tell thee.

And art thou lost? for ever lost?—
  Ah! how I wept when it was told me
That I must hear thy voice no more!
  That I must never more behold thee!

These fruitless tears will ever fall!
  Ev'n Hope refuses to deceive me.—
But the blank sadness that I feel,
  I will not paint—for it would grieve thee.

Yet faithful Memory oft shall bring
  Thy tender words and looks, to cheer me:
Still on her treasur'd hoards I'll live,
  And my fond soul shall hover near thee!

AMELIA OPIE.

1800.

Formerly Miss Alderson, daughter of Dr. Alderson of Norwich. This lady is now wife of Mr. Opie, the painter. Mrs. Opie is not only a fascinating writer, but a highly-accomplished and beautiful woman. She was born at Norwich.

THE VOICE OF HIM I LOVE.

HENCE far from me, ye senseless joys
That fade before ye reach the heart,—
The crowded dome's distracted noise,
Where all is pomp and useless art!

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I sometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love.

I hate ev'n music's pleasing pow'r
When giddy crowds my tones attend,
But love to sing at evening's hour
To sooth the sorrows of a friend.

I love to breathe the plaintive lays
That HENRY's heart and taste approve;
For, oh! how sweet in tones of praise
Appears the voice of him I love!

The praises I from others hear
Some joy may to my pride impart;
But Henry's wake the rapturous tear,
For his applauses touch my heart.

From busy crowds o'erjoy'd I fly
With him in lonely shades to rove,
For ev'n in gayest scenes I sigh
To hear the voice of him I love.

I woo the drama's magic pow'rs,
Seek music's ever-crowded shrine,
In learning pass the studious hours,
Or try the muse's wreath to twine;

Yet still I feel a joy more dear,
Though I these pure delights approve,
When in Retirement's scenes I hear
The soothing voice of him I love.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.

Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble pray'r,
Forget me not, forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:

But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness, be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

THOMAS MOORE.

1801.

This poet, who has been appropriately styled the Carew of our age, is a native of Ireland, where he was first educated under the celebrated Whyte, whose attentions have been acknowledged in a Sonnet inserted by his pupil in the "Anthologia Hibernica." Moore was afterwards removed to Trinity College, Dublin. Since then, he has entered himself at the Middle Temple; though it is not probable that Law engaged much of his attention, whose days appear to have been devoted to the elegancies of literature, and whose evenings have not been estranged from the customary festivities of youth.

Among the pieces inserted by Moore in the "Anthologia Hibernica" for 1793-1794, is a translation from Anacreon, a name with which his own promises to be inseparably associated. Mr. Moore is lately returned from a tour through the United States, after relinquishing an appointment, to which he seems to have been amicably banished, in the Bahama Islands!—

Tell *her*, that he whose living themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar:

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that—'Sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to Love!'

LITTLE's Poems.

SWEET Lady! look not thus again;
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove;
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, Lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray:
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell, that stole my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

SWEET Seducer! blandly smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing,
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses—
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet again, ah! turn them to me:
Ruin's sweet, when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting,
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile, without admiring!

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as your's may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
The dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my *heart* I will pledge you my *vow*,
And they *both* must be broken together!

THE SHRINE.

My fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of Love,
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;
For if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require;
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion,
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

THOMAS DERMODY.

1802.

The fate of Dermody exhibits another melancholy proof of the miseries to which men of poetical talent are inevitably consigned, if, as not unfrequently happens, they have unfortunately to contend with the disadvantages of obscurity, and the pressure of penury.—

> Deeper than gothic glooms o'er Britain hang,
> Where toiling Science wails her ravish'd meed;
> And, wounded deep with many a secret pang,
> The agonizing Muse is doom'd to bleed!
>
> MAURICE.

Thomas Dermody was born at the village of Ennis, county of Clare, Ireland, in the year 1774. Impelled, by an ardour natural to genius, to emerge into notice, he quitted the place of his nativity, and, moneyless and friendless, endeavoured to find in Dublin the consideration that he felt it impossible to acquire among the villagers of Ennis. To the humanity of a Dublin-bookseller, by whom he was admitted into his shop, Dermody owed the situation in which he first attracted the attention of persons of taste, and, eventually, the protection of the late Countess of Moira; who generously placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Hugh Boyd, where his literary proficiency appeared amply to compensate the benevolence of patronage. This reputation was unequivocally established by the publication of a volume of Poems, before the completion of his fifteenth year.

Here terminates the bright career of poor Dermody! Elated by prematurity of success, and unsuspicious of the vicissitudes from which no situation is wholly exempted; he shortly after abandoned himself to a degree of thoughtlessness and dissipation, that in succession alienated the regard of his principal friends, and too fatally verified the predictions of the envious and the splenetic. He closed a short and chequered existence, on the 15th of July 1802, at a lodging on the borders of Sydenham Common, to which he had been removed, when past recovery, for the renovation of his health!—

Unhappy Bard! the conflict past,
At length thy mortal pangs are o'er:
But, O! with that untimely blast,
Thy raptur'd Strains are heard no more.

Beside the turf that wraps thy clay,
Shall kindred Memory fondly wake;
And, spite of all that foes can say,
Shall love thee for the Muse's sake!

COURTIER's *Elegy on Visiting the Tomb of Dermody.*

However neglected during the last years of his life, it is gratifying to reflect, that his dying moments were soothed by the kindest attentions; and, that respect was not withheld from his earthly remains. He was handsomely buried in the Church-yard of Lewisham, where a respectable monument designates the place of his interment. The world ought to know, that it is Sir James Bland Burgess who has conferred this dignity on the death of Dermody.

SWEET is the woodbine's fragrant twine;
Sweet the ripe burthen of the vine;
The pea-bloom sweet, that scents the air;
The rose-bud sweet beyond compare;
The perfume sweet of yonder grove;
Sweeter the lip of Her I love!

Soft the rich meadow's velvet green,
Where cowslip-tufts are early seen;
Soft the young cygnet's snowy breast,
Or down that lines the linnet's nest;
Soft the smooth plumage of the dove;
Softer the breast of Her I love!

Bright is the star that opes the day;
Bright the mid-noon's refulgent ray;
Bright on yon hill the sunny beam;
Bright the blue mirror of the stream;

Bright the gay-twinkling fires above;
Brighter the eyes of Her I love!

To match one grace, with idle pain,
Through Nature's stores I search in vain,
All that is bright, and soft, and sweet,
Does in her form, concenter'd, meet;
Then, Muse! how weak thy pow'r must prove
To paint the charms of Her I love!

'Tis past! the tuneless lethargy is o'er!
I fly from Dulness, and her mole-ey'd throng;
To Fancy, and to Love, I wake once more,
Once more I wake to Rapture, and to Song;

Whence spring these transports of tumultuous bliss?
These sweet sensations whence, to Feeling true?—
They breathe, ambrosial, from my MARY'S kiss;
They stream from her soft eyes of humid blue.

Dear Maid! how oft, immers'd in cheerless woe,
Close have I clasp'd thy visionary form;
How oft has that ripe cheek's purpureal glow,
With radiant blushes, streak'd the mental storm?

Though distant many a long, long, weary mile,
'Mid my lone path that angel-shape I view'd;
View'd, in the first faint Dawn, thy serious smile;
In Eve's pale van, thy fleeting frame pursu'd.

Has Summer aught more tempting than thy breast,
When Nature revels, unconfin'd, and free?
In Autumn's richest charms art thou not drest?
Winter, and tearful Spring, remain for me!

Yet, spite of Fortune, in cold Caution's spite,
(To Caution's minions, fortune I resign,)
While envious stars withdraw their curtain'd light,
Pulse of my throbbing heart! thou shalt be mine!

J—— FINLAY.

1802.

Author of a fine poem, in the stanza of Spenser, entitled "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie;" to which are added some miscellaneous effusions. Mr. Finlay has in this publication given considerable promise of his future eminence. He is a native of Scotland.

'Tis not the rose upon the cheek,
Nor eyes in languor soft that roll,
That fix the lover's timid glance,
And fire his wilder'd soul.

But 'tis the eye that swims in tears,
Diffusing soft a joy all holy,
So soothing to the heart of love,
And yet so melancholy!

The note that falters on the tongue,
Sweet as the dying voice of eve,
That calms the throbbing breast of pain,
Yet makes it love to grieve!

The hand alternate fiery warm
And icy cold, the bursting sigh,
The look that hopes, yet seems to fear,
Pale cheek and burning eye:

These, these the magic circle twine,
The lover's thoughts and feelings seize;
Till scarce a son of earth he seems,
But lives in what he sees.

Sweet-blended with the smiles of Hope,
Love's first infection glows,
The soft delicious languor seems
An earnest of repose!
But ah! though bright the sky to-day,
The storm may low'r to-morrow;
Love's pleasing sadness turns to pain,
Then deepens into sorrow.

And never think, ill-fated youth!
Thy passion to forget,
Each freshning hue shall memory lend,
Till life's last sun is set!
Attempt not from thine anxious thoughts
Her image to dissever,
The firm impression firmer grows
By every fond endeavour!

Oh! dear were the joys that are past!
Oh! dear were the joys that are past!
Inconstant thou art as the dew of the morn,
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When hearing thy fond faithless sigh!
And the moon-beam how dear that betray'd
The love that illumin'd thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swear'st by the moon's sacred light—
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith;
And broken a fond Lover's heart!
— Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Ev'n hope now my peace cannot save:
Thou hast giv'n to my rival thy hand,
But me thou hast doom'd to my grave.

CHARLOTTE DACRE.

1803.

Of Mrs. Dacre little is known, except that she was a contributor to the verse-department of the "Morning Herald," under the signature of ROSA MATILDA. To the suggestions of Dr. Wolcott, however, is attributed the publication of this lady's "Hours of Solitude." She certainly has displayed no inconsiderable degree of poetical genius, and some claim to the character of originality.

'OH! lovely youth, why seem thy cheeks so pale?
Oh! lovely youth, why are thine eyes so hollow?
Oh! live—for, rather than thy loss bewail,
To the cold grave thy lifeless corpse I'll follow!'

So spake I to the idol of my love,
While in my heart I felt a deadly sorrow;
As with slow steps he languidly did move,
I thought with trembling doubt upon the morrow.

The morrow came, and yet my lover liv'd!
Against a tree, I saw his form reclining;
To Heaven, with *such* a look my heart as riv'd,
He cast his eyes with pious sweetness shining.

Ah, yes! towards the glorious sun he gaz'd
With languid smile, that said adieu for ever!
And patiently, his wasted hands he rais'd.—
Ah! fatal morn—forget it shall I never.

In brighter beauty, too, that morn he smil'd,
On his pale cheek the red-rose gaily blooming;
A momentary hope my heart beguil'd,
Which fate to deeper agony was dooming!

Now sunk the joyous sun-beams in the west,
O'er his thin form a transient brightness casting;
The lovely wretch, that they so gaily drest,
Scarce than that transient brightness seem'd more lasting:

But like the anemony, most frail and fair,
With the last beam his fainting form expiring,
His spotless soul escap'd the world of care,
And seem'd methought upon that beam retiring.

From that sad hour no peace can I e'er know,
An early blight my fondest hopes destroying;
For though in Spring frail flowers again may blow,
No second Spring is there for my enjoying!

TRUANT! you love me not—the reason this,
You told me, that you lov'd a Maid before:
And though perchance you many more may kiss,
True love, once felt, can never be felt more!
Then ask not *me* to credit what you swore;
Nor e'er believe that *I* can give you bliss:
Go! go to her who taught you how to love;
Repeat to her your vows, and not to me!
Forsooth, I think, who can inconstant prove
To his first love—will ever faithless be.
In gaining wayward hearts no pride I see;

Nor have I pride, in kindling in the breast
That meteor-flame call'd Passion; no, not I.
The *heart* I aim at; and of that possest,
Make it my castle, and all arts defy!
For *that* once fill'd, no longer roves the eye.
Say, is't not *Passion* that for me you feel?—
Might I but know, it would my mind relieve.
Search then your bosom, and the truth reveal:
Say, or you lov'd before, and me deceive;
Or never lov'd till now, and I'll believe!

P. L. COURTIER.

1796—1803.

The subject of this memoir, born in London on the 29th of February 1776, is descended from the family of *Le Couteur*, a branch of which was long settled in the island of Guernsey. Here was born the father of the poet, who, on establishing himself in the Metropolis, assumed the name of Courtier; to avoid, as he imagined, the inconvenient circumstance of being considered a foreigner. After frequenting a day-school in that neighbourhood, Mr. C. was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Morgan Jones, a learned Baptist, who resided on the Upper-Mall at Hammersmith, where he kept, during many years, an extensive and respectable academy. Contrary to his inclination, which, it is understood, would have directed him to the pulpit, being compelled to embark in commercial pursuits, Mr. C. preferred, as connected with learning, the occupation of bookselling, to which he very reluctantly devoted five years of his life; but from which he escaped, at the age of twenty-two, and enlisted himself under the banners of literature. His works, chiefly poetical, have been flatteringly received; his principal poem, the "Pleasures of Solitude," having experienced the particular approbation of several eminent judges of poetical talent. He is also reported to be author of anonymous compositions in criticism, politics, and biography. He has recently published a new volume of Poems, which, though of a miscellaneous character, is generally amatory.

Mr. Courtier married, a few years since, the lady distinguished as MYRTILLA, in several of his early poetical effusions.

How sweet to me the fragrant mead,
And waving trees, and blossom'd thorn!
But sweeter far to me, indeed,
If she the favour'd scene adorn.

Ah! what avails it that I rove
A blooming Paradise to find,
When thou, the EVE of this fair Grove,
Beloved Maid! art left behind?

Still at each hilly rise I turn,
And fondly strive thy home to see;
And sigh, if haply I discern
That little spot—so dear to me!

COME, with those eyes of heavenly blue,
And love's soft thrillings here renew;
Come, with those lips of balmy sweet,
And here thy tenderest hopes repeat!
Oh come! upon whose downy cheek
Blends with the rose the lily meek;
Haste to this bower, thou maid divine!
And I will clasp perfection mine.

My Love she moves through yonder trees
Mild as the Spirit of the Breeze!
She comes!—but why, so nearly blest,
This trembling tumult in my breast?
Why from mine eyes the saddening tear,
Queen of my soul! when thou art near?
Ah! why this struggle to conceal
What looks and silence must reveal?

O! FOR that kiss, so sweetly given!
And soul-impassion'd tear!
To me, where'er by rude fate driven,
Thy memory shall be dear!

Let others boast what love bestows,
And shame the generous Fair;
This *heart*, where Love's true impulse glows,
Shall hold it's favours *there*.

WHAT anguish I felt no expression can tell,
Sweet girl of my Heart! when I bade thee farewell:
I gaz'd on the scene—not a sound, not a breath,
Undisturb'd was the gloom and the silence of Death,—
That scene where the mourner is destin'd to part
With all that to life can attach the sad heart;
Then the mild-beaming moon, from the heaven above
Seem'd to wake in my soul the kind impulse of love,
And anger, and folly, and meanness, and pride,
Those fiends of the bosom, benignly to chide!
Still, still I remember, and cannot forget,
The days when with pleasure unsullied we met!
Still deep in my mind those last accents remain—
I *hear* them—"*You never will see me again!*"
O never?—By all that Affection can prize,
By the worship of love, by contrition's warm sighs,
By the walk, by the parting too sweetly delay'd,
By endearments now past, and by trust unbetray'd,—
If only by chance, not unguided, our feet
Shall tread the same paths, and again we shall meet!
O never?—By earth when no longer deprest,
Our freed spirits soar to the world of the Blest,

Ah *then*, where the Happy no sorrows betide,
Where chance and where error can never divide,
We surely shall meet; unembitter'd to prove,
In that union of souls, the pure transports of love!
'Tis *there*, Sister-spirit! at last, thou wilt know
The truth of the friendship I bare thee below:
O *there*—even *thou* shalt with confidence hail
Affections no longer impassion'd and frail!

Oft though my ways you frowning chide,
And tell me all my hopes are over,
And vow you can no more confide,
Again you meet your playful rover!

Trust me, sweet Love! I would not stain
Those blooming cheeks with misery's tear;
Trust me, sweet Love! I would not pain
A heart to me so warmly dear.

When languid on my breast she lies,
And scarcely breathes reluctant sighs,
While o'er her cheeks electric spread
The faintful pale, or deepening red,
And, half unclos'd, her fond eyes seem
Dim with some dear delicious dream;
Then, when her murmur'd tones declare,
'I yield,—yet, oh! in pity spare!'
Then, what the power whose sacred chain
Passion shall strive to burst in vain?
Then, what exalts the soul above
Each selfish sordid wish?—'tis Love!

O! TELL me not those looks to shun;
That I, at last, *may* love no more!
Your smiles, which have my peace undone,
Can now alone my peace restore.

Too well you know, that o'er my heart
A settled power you fondly claim;
That still, as from a dream, I start
If any mention but your name:

Fix'd is my Soul! the sad alarms
Which others fear, and others feel,
Await not you,—still to your arms
I fly with unabating zeal!

When death these wearied eyes shall close,
(I think you will survive me long)
And only then, of all my woes,
Remains the melancholy song;

Not to the grave may Love descend!
If, now and then, a silent tear
My fate regret, my worth commend,
Malice shall blush when you are near!

PETER BAYLEY.

1803.

This gentleman has published a volume of miscellaneous poetry. His taste seems to have been determined by admiration for the genius of Wordsworth, and his diction to have been formed by the perusal of Southey and Coleridge. He is an interesting and elegant writer, whose productions are worthy of being rescued from the undistinguished mass of modern poetry.

OH! breathe once more that air; Oh! yet bid sound
Once more that well-remember'd, much-lov'd lay,
First heard by me when in life's golden May
My happy hours danc'd on in laughing round;
There, where through verdant banks with poplar crown'd,
Smooth Wever steals along his silent way,
Winding in many a maze with sinuous play,
Near whose cool wave, as on the flowery ground
Supine I lay, those sounds first charm'd my ear.
Yet once more breathe that air belov'd so well;
For oh! each note that sounds is a strong spell
To call up sweet remembrance, to endear
Some long-past day, and place before my soul
Her from whose lips the warbled lay first stole!

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

THOU precious Ringlet! all that now is mine
Of one so dearly lov'd! that oft has bless'd
With soft and soothing thoughts my anxious breast!
Once more I ope with trembling hands the shrine
In which fond care hath guarded thee. Still shine
Thy dark brown tints. Time has not dispossess'd
The soft hairs of their gloss.—Oh, oft caress'd!
Oh, dear memorial of that Form divine!
Thou, 'midst the pangs of absence, can'st impart
Soft-whispering hopes, lull with a flattering dream
The wild emotions of my throbbing heart,
And calm away each passion's rude extreme;
And, led by thee, my rapt thoughts fondly stray
With her from whom I wander far away.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

1803.

Robert Bloomfield was born December 3, 1766, at the village of Honnington, about eight miles from Bury Saint Edmunds. His father was a tailor; and to his mother, a schoolmistress, he owed his introduction to the knowledge of reading. No distance ever impaired his emotions of filial gratitude towards this excellent parent, for whose comfort he constantly evinced the most affectionate solicitude, and whose death lately inflicted on him the most poignant grief. At the age of eleven, Robert was placed with a farmer, his kinsman; but, being of a weakly frame, in the year 1781 he was removed to London, to learn the business of shoemaking. Here, the perusal of Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews, with a Week-day night's attendance on the Debates at Coachmaker's-Hall, and a Sunday-night's hearing of Old-Jewry Faweett, enlarged and improved the natural capacities of his mind. Circumstances compelling him to retire to the country, the scenes of his early life awakened his latent passion for poetry, and on his return to London he commenced the poem of the "Farmer's Boy." Notwithstanding the disadvantages with which Bloomfield had to contend, amidst the bustle of manual employment, why must it be accounted miraculous, that he should, in such a situation, have accomplished a favourite literary object? Those acquainted with the pleasure of retracing past scenes and occurrences, and the consequent power of describing and enforcing their sensations, will scarcely express any astonishment at such an operation of genius; their admiration, however unfeigned, cannot rise to an amazement not very remote from ignorant incredulity. Mechanical occupation, if it does not necessarily rivet reflection, is favourable to that enthusiastic warmth of mind most conducive to poetical compositions. So exercised, a poet might easily compose even a long poem;

and, with nothing seriously to divert his attention, as easily revise and retain it in his memory. They who are gratified only by the marvellous may reflect, if they please, that Genius is itself a miracle.

In 1790 Bloomfield, his brother having chosen a wife from the same place, married Mary Anne Church, of Woolwich in Kent. He has a numerous progeny.

You ask me, dear NANCY, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the flowers bud, don't we look for the bloom?
Then, Sweetest! attend, while I answer to thee.

When we Young Men with pastimes the Twilight beguile
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy:
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries, pluckt in the grove,
Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung,
You gave me the choicest; I hop'd 'twas for Love;
And I told you my hopes while the Nightingale sung.

Remember the Viper:—'twas close at your feet,
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms;
Not a Strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd, to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of Nuts for my Fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong-bending bough;
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion?—by Heaven 'twas more!
A tell-tale betrays you;—that blush on your cheek.
Then come, dearest Maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what Candour will teach you to speak.

Can you stain my fair Honour with one broken vow?
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain?
On Truth's honest base let your tenderness grow;
I swear to be faithful, again and again.

JAMES MERCER.

1804.

James Mercer, Esq. was brother-in-law to Lord Glenbervie, by marriage with Emma, sister of that nobleman, who died in 1802. His Lordship appears as the Editor of Mr. Mercer's volume; a character in which he has not over-estimated the talents of his relation, whose poems possess very considerable merit.

THE PASTIME.

BENEATH thy banners, Queen of Love,
Behold thy hoary veteran move
Unwilling to retire;
His wrinkles with thy myrtles hide,
Nor let thy youthful bands deride
His ineffectual fire.

With nerves unbrac'd and limbs decay'd,
Which no warm antidote can aid,
No magic can restore;
Still thy fond suppliant I incline,
And kiss with fervent lips the Shrine
Whose treasures I adore.

What though no more with towering flames,
And youthful warmth, I urge the dames
Who grace thy blooming train?—
Still some faint embers upwards move,
That fire with visionary love
The regions of the brain.

Nor ye, the serious and the wise,
Demurely blame me while I prize

The service of the Fair;
For who can deem my labour vain,
If with complacent smiles they deign
To crown my tender care?

There rests my unambitious aim—
All frantic hopes, all further claim,
For ever I abjure;
The' ungenerous Dotard I detest,
Who strives to wound the gentle breast,
Without the balm to cure.

With DELIA as I pass the day,
Soft inoffensive things I say
That soothe her vacant heart;
I touch the strings to Love assign'd,
And gently form her opening mind
To play the Woman's part:

How love conducts his subtle snare,
And forms the' approach that wins the fair,
My practis'd lips explain;
And all the finer arts unfold,
By which her sex repels the bold
Or fires the timorous swain.

Meanwhile, with fond officious care,
I smooth her robe, compose her hair,
By wanton winds carest;
And, still assiduous in my trust,
With trembling hand I oft adjust
The nosegay in her breast!

As thus my charming task I ply,
I scorn the world's invidious eye,
And boast my careless ease;
Nor small the boast, in life's decay,
That thus with Fancy's youthful play
I can be pleas'd and please.

EDWARD COXE.

1805.

Edward Coxe, Esq. of Hampstead Heath, Middlesex, is brother to the Rev. Mr. Coxe, a gentleman with whose literary performances the public cannot be unacquainted.

LET us, my DELIA, while we live
Crown'd with each bliss that love can give,
The rumours of the grave despise,
For life, alas! too swiftly flies;
And all its cares can only tend
To make us sooner reach its end.

Dear to each other, let's be gay,
And sport the frolic hours away:
Old age at last will fade thy charms,
Which now inspire to love's alarms;
And from thy cheek the roses fright
That now attract my ravish'd sight.

I too, though now in youthful prime,
Must feel the' effects of envious time:
Grey hairs and wrinkles then will meet,
My trembling pulse will fainter beat,
In broken sounds my voice will die,
And dimness close my languid eye.

Ah, then! adieu the social walk,
The soft embrace, the tender talk;
My tuneful pipe will then be mute,
Nor sport, nor dance, nor song can suit,
When love's bright warmth and genial fire,
Repress'd by frozen age, expire.

Then let us seize the present hour,
While beauty reigns in all its pow'r;
And I, still warm in ardent youth,
Breathe in this kiss my plighted truth:
Let us the precious time improve
In all the various sweets of love.

Then as my arms I fondly twine
Around that heavenly neck of thine,
I'll clasp thee to my faithful breast,
With Hymen's chaste endearments blest;
Bid every other wish adieu;
And only live for love and you!

SONNET ON THE SPRING.

How have I lov'd to woo thee, gentle Spring!
At early dawn to mark each opening flower,
Thy beauteous offspring! deck my smiling bower;
And hear thy birds their earliest love-notes sing.

Thou art return'd; but with thee, soothing rest,
That sunshine of the soul, returns no more!
My halcyon days of calm content are o'er,
And wound me with the thought, I *once* was blest.

Thou art the same—earth's lap as soft a green;
Fragrance, and strains as sweet, my bow'r supplies;
But I am chang'd, amid the' unalter'd scene,
And view Heaven's fairest gifts with streaming eyes:

The charm, that once to love and rapture led,
With DELIA flourish'd, and with DELIA fled.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORS.

A SIGH.

FROM STEEL'S COLLECTION.

Gentle air, thou breath of Lovers!
Vapour from a secret fire
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire:

Softest notes of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the listener's heart;

Safest messenger of passion,
Stealing through a crowd of spies
Who constrain the outward fashion,
Close the lips, and watch the eyes;

Shapeless Sigh! we ne'er can show thee,
Fram'd but to assault the ear:
Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee—Here.

TO A JEALOUS MISTRESS.

FROM THE SAME.

No more, severely kind, affect
To put that lovely anger on;
Sweet Tyrant! if thou canst suspect
Thy Lover's eyes, yet trust thy own.

Aw'd by stern Honour's watchful spies,
Dull formal rules I'm forc'd to' obey;
Like dungeon-slaves, my hasty eyes
Just snatch a glimpse of cheerful day.

Absent, the desart walks I view;
Here went Eliza, there she came:
With tears my lonely couch bedew,
And, dreaming, sigh Eliza's name.

"Where is his soul," the women cry,
"The stupid lump! the lifeless earth!"
"Where," say the men, "his brisk reply,
His crimson glass, and noisy mirth!"

Hast thou not mark'd my burning kiss,
My lawless pulse, my bounding heart?
How oft when, wild for farther bliss,
All trembling from thy arms I start?

Ah, spotless Fair! too well I find
My passions strong, my reason frail:
Ah! can I stain that angel mind;
And, Virtue lost, let Love prevail?

No! down in shades below we'll rove,
A glorious miserable pair,
Gaz'd at through all the myrtle grove
For burning love and chaste despair!

Say, if thou lov'st, did ever youth,
That wish'd like me, like me endure?
Dost thou not blame this swainish truth,
And wish my flame were not so pure?

In pity hate me, tempting Fair!
An happy exile let me fly:
What feverish wretch his thirst can bear,
That sees the cooling stream so nigh!

Oh! I shall all my vows unsay,
If once I gaze—my blood will glow;
This virtuous frost will melt away,
And Love's wild torment overflow.

THE QUESTION.

FROM THE FLOWER-PIECE.

ADAM from Paradise exil'd,
His heart with anguish torn,
Rov'd sorrowing o'er the dreary wild,
Abandon'd and forlorn.

So I, excluded from my Dear,
To woods despairing go;
Like his, my punishment severe;
Nor less my weight of woe.

This renders my affliction more,
Though less perhaps my sin,
An Angel drove him from the door,
An Angel tempts me in!

Our crimes, since thus our sufferings suit,
More parallel should lie:
He tasted the Forbidden Fruit,
Alas!—why should not I?

ON A KISS.

FROM THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

PHILOSOPHERS pretend to tell,
How, like a hermit in his cell,
The soul within the brain does dwell:

But I, who am not half so wise,
Think I have seen't in Chloe's eyes;
Down to her lips, from thence, it stole,
And there I kiss'd her very soul!

ODE.

BY A LADY, ON OBSERVING SOME WHITE HAIRS UPON THE HEAD OF HER HUSBAND.

Thou to whose power reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time,
Alike the dread of lover and of friend,
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime?
Already twining 'mid my Thyrsis' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Through all her forms, though Nature own thy sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day,
Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.
Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm,
Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses every grace,
Each smile that beams from that enchanting face—

Then through her stores shall active Memory rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful Love
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour!

ADDRESSED TO A LADY KNOWN FROM INFANCY.

FROM THE ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY.

In times so long past (though I still am but young)
That I scarcely their transports can trace,
Enraptur'd I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue,
And totter'd—for then I but totter'd along,
To clasp thee in childish embrace.

As we grew up together, each day I beheld,
With feelings unkindled before,
Thy yesterday's beauties by new ones excell'd;
Nor, boy as I was, from those beauties withheld
My heart:—Could I offer thee more?

Even now, when the fever of youth is gone by,
And I glow with more temperate fire,
Delighted I dwell on thy soul-beaming eye;
And, heaving perhaps still too ardent a sigh,
Survey thee with chasten'd desire.

Oh! come then and give me, dear Maiden, thy charms,
For life is, alas! on the wing:
Our summer, ere long, will be fled; in these arms
Let me shield thee, my Fair-One, from winter's alarms:
Oh! listen to love while 'tis spring.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PORTER.

FROM THE METRICAL MISCELLANY.

Thou faithful guardian of these peaceful walls,
Whose zealous care protects thy master's gate,
If any stranger at this mansion calls,
I'll tell thee who shall enter, who shall wait.

If Fortune, blindfold goddess, chance to knock,
Or proud Ambition lure me to her arms,
Shut, shut the door, good John! quick turn the lock;
And shield thy master from their syren charms.

If sober Wisdom hither deigns to roam,
Nor let her in, nor send her quite away;
Tell her, at present I am not at home,
But hope she'll call again another day?

If at my door a beauteous Boy be seen,
His little feet have oft my threshold trod,
You know the offspring of the Cyprian queen,
His air—without his bow—bespeaks the god:

His gentle smiles admittance ever win;
Though oft deceiv'd, I prize the fond deluder!
Morn, noon, and night, be sure you let him in,
For Love, dear Love, is never an Intruder.

TO HIM WHO SAYS HE LOVES.

You tell me, that you truly love;
Ah! know you well what love does mean?
Does neither whim nor fancy move
The rapture of your transient dream?

Tell me, when absent, do you think
O'er ev'ry look, o'er ev'ry sigh?
Do you in melancholy sink,
And doubt, and fear, you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to say
How much you love; you cannot tell?
Does a look melt your soul away?
A touch, your nerves with transport swell?

Could you for her, fame, wealth despise,
In poverty and toil feel blest;
Drink sweet delusion from her eyes,
And smile at ruin on her breast?

The charms of every other Fair,
With coldness could you learn to view?
Fondly, unchang'd, to her repair,
With transports ever young and new?

And tell me, at her loss or hate,
Would death your only refuge prove?
Ah! if in aught you hesitate,
Coward! you dare not say you love.

AMORETTA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Blest in my choice, what blooming Beauties rise
How court my numbers with inspiring eyes!

PATTISON.

AMORETTA.

Trust me, they are no idle hours
That Love determines dear!
Ah, when Misfortune rudely lours,
How kind is Woman's tear!

And what, when Pleasure wildly charms,
O! what is half so sweet,
As, clasp'd in Woman's faithful arms,
Her thrilling kiss to meet?

My love for her all love transcends!
I love her kindred, love her friends;
And when I lift my soul above,
My heart for her is full of love!

The place, wherever she reside,
Forms, once her residence, my pride:
If she but approbation glance,
Her look can any thing enhance;

If she an absent one defend,
That instant I become the friend.
I could not be to her severe;
Her very faults, to me, are dear!

I WONDER if her heart be still
The same that once I fondly met!
Will she her plighted faith forget?
Or she my dearest hopes fulfill?

I fear to pen the wish'd request,
To ask if all within be so?
I almost dread the truth to know;
So changeful seems the human breast!

I SEE that purchas'd smiles can grace
The monied Driveller's cold embrace;
I see it with averted eye,
And o'er the wretched victim sigh!

I mourn, that Impotence should press
The youthful couch of Loveliness,
While generous Manhood's flame divine
Ascends in vain at Beauty's shrine!

How say you, to my kindling cheek
When the heart's vital current started,
'I never yet my love imparted!'—
Have only words the power to speak?

When in your lips such life I found,
A hive to me all sweets excelling,
Unsated on their treasures dwelling,
Had lips no language but of sound?

SINCE seal'd are Emma's watchful eyes,
Now, Dearest! turn again to me;
Now shall no curious friend surprise
The kisses I reserv'd for thee!

Emma! ideal transport hold
Thy charmed thoughts in deep employ;
Whilst we each other safe enfold,
And sweetly thrill with real joy.

And, Emma, if such vigils thou
Appointed art with us to keep,
Feign not to see; or else, as now,
That we may wake—in kindness sleep!

CONFIDE, beloved Maid!
To him thou long hast tried,
Uninjur'd, unbetray'd,
To him, at length confide
Thy love, thy life, sweet Maid!

Thy heart already mine,
Thy wishes and thy tears!
What hast thou to resign?
Peace to thy trembling fears;
I yet am fondly thine.

Think, who like me shall feel;
Nor ever love thee less?
GOD only knows the zeal
With which, in each caress,
This fatal truth I seal!

WHY doubt my truth? Be you the same
That now so warmly I admire;
I cannot feel a wavering flame,
Whilst you, unchang'd, my heart inspire.

Hush'd every fear, in love repose;
Still to my vows be not unjust!
Suspicion breeds her fancied woes:
They suffer most, who most mistrust.

Feign no more, though feign'd, to flout me;
Kindness best by truth is bred:
O! if *now* you meanly doubt me,
All the heaven of bliss is fled!

Lovely are the hopes that blind me;
Beauty's smiles, and Virtue's charms!
Gentle are the ties that bind me
Firmly to thy spotless arms.

Life in me is dead without thee!
Nights nor days I call my own;
Nightly wings my Soul about thee,
Daily breathes for thee alone.

Ah, me!—And need I to be told,
That she to all my vows is cold?
Still, that she turns the deafen'd ear
To every sigh; that not a tear
I shed, could yet one transient smart
To her relentless soul impart.
I lov'd—be her's the bitter lot!—
I lov'd the heart that lov'd me not!

LOYAL to Love, nor yet a slave,
The yoke I spurn if once it fetter;
Others may joy in chains to rave,
But none—Ah, none! shall love thee better.

Let *others* then, thy smiles beholding,
Still sigh to find those smiles decoy;
Let *others* then, thy charms enfolding,
Still revel in deceitful joy.

With *me*, each dear delusion ends!
Me ever fated to discover,
Friendly myself, small faith in friends;
In woman less to fix the lover.

THE heart to which I fondly clung,
Exults in me no more;
Chang'd is the softness of that tongue,
Whose language charm'd before;
Sighs still are breath'd, but not for me;
And frowns, where once were smiles, I see.

O beauteous smile! O blissful sigh!
O heart I did adore!
To what kind refuge shall I fly,
Since ye will soothe no more?
Ah! who like Her shall now deceive
A mind still destin'd to believe?

FORGIVE me, if I do not trust
Those eyes of tender blue!
For she was to my hopes unjust,
Who look'd as sweetly true.

Forgive, if caution now denies
The heart's responsive swell!
For hollow were her deepest sighs,
Whom I believ'd so well.

WHEN on thy lips I dwell no more,
Those charms when I no longer see,
Since the few faults I had before,
Dearest! were all through love of thee,
Kindly remember me!

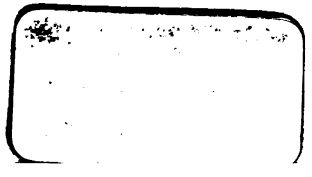
When failings can no more offend;
When Time shall bear the dread decree,
And all of human hope shall end—
End the fond wish that beats for thee:
Dearest!—remember me!

Yes, I will try to love no more;
Of every charm my mind divest,
Forget the name I must adore,
And lull to apathy my breast!

Though once I could thy fondness claim,
I'll look no anguish in thy face;
Nor, if I clasp thy trembling frame,
Exceed a brother's cold embrace.

Now, when the moonlight path we tread,
While only love the groves resound,
Calm as the silence of the dead—
Not on my tongue shall love be found:

Heavenward I'll gaze; and think that there,
Life's feverish stage of being past,
I yet shall meet thee, sainted Fair!
And fold thee to my soul at last.

END OF VOL. II.

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